

Hold on to your pep while you diet those pounds away!



Get nourishment you need in

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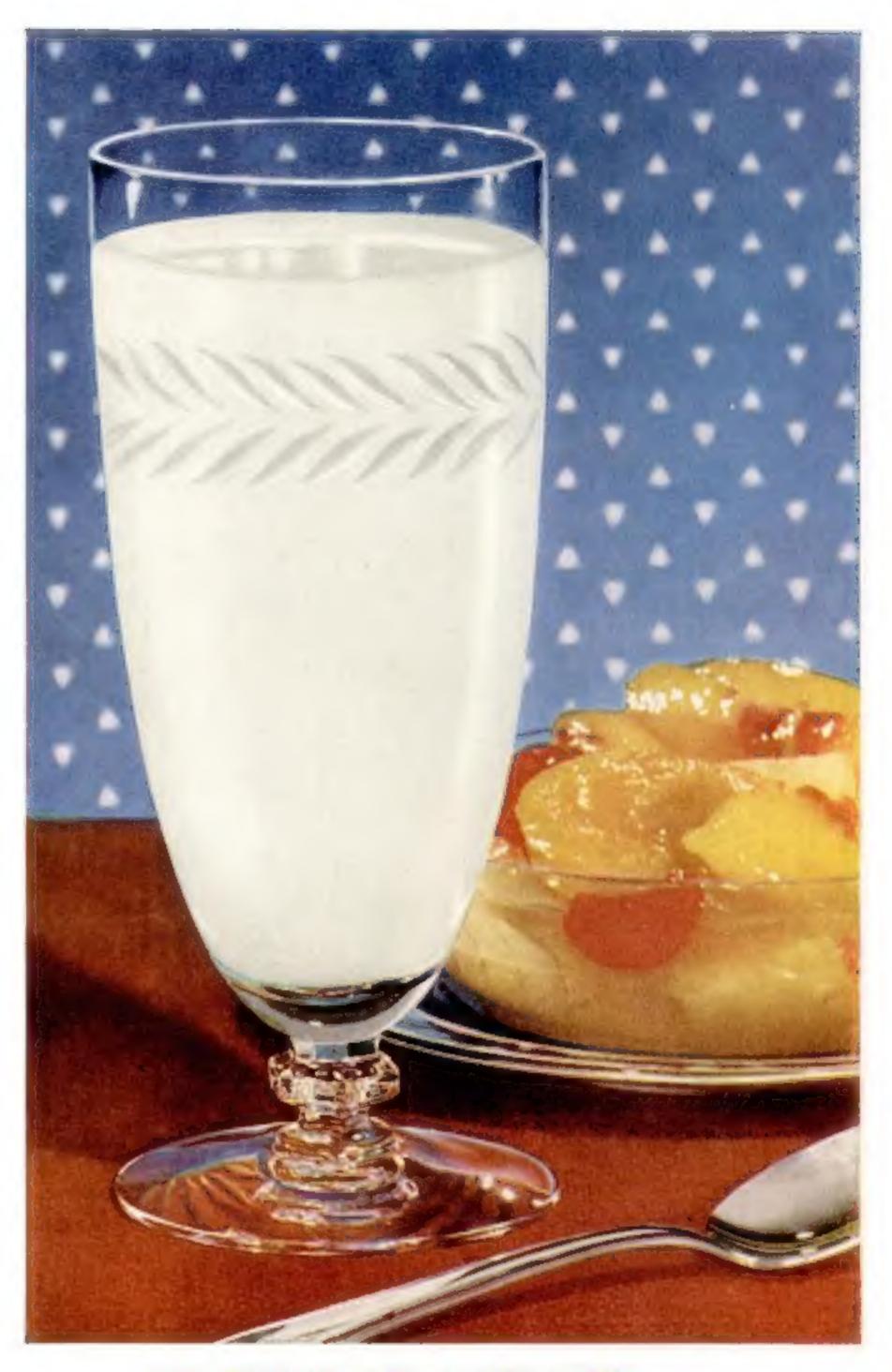


You don't have to go 'round feeling like a limp dish rag, just because you're trying to lose a few pounds or keep that trim figure of yours.

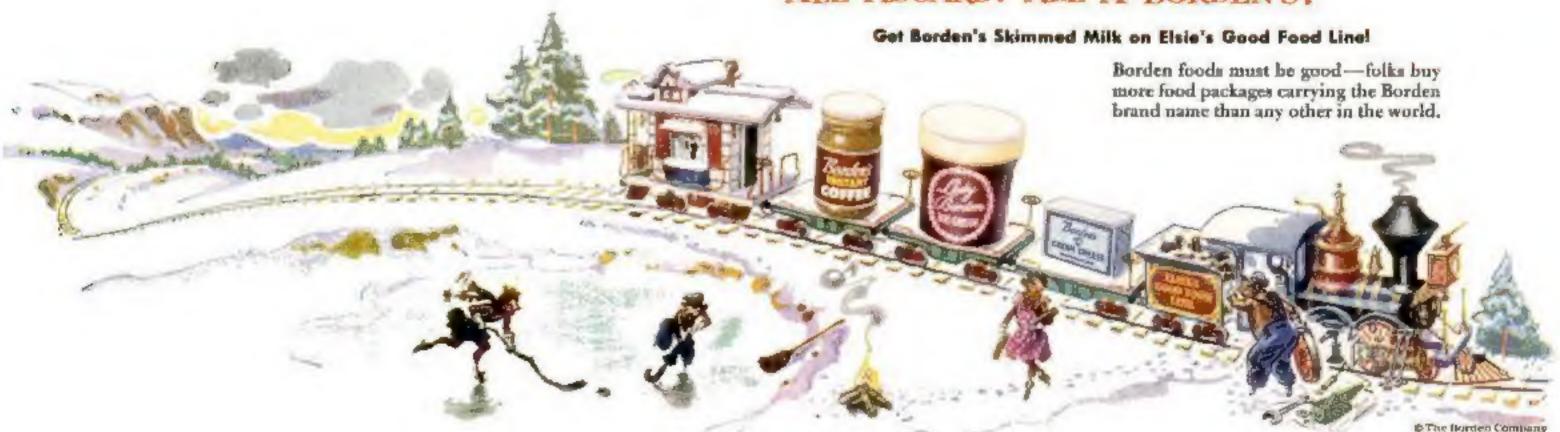
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Borden's Skimmed Milk is rich in protein which helps give you energy and muscle tone. And it has all the important calcium, B Vitamins—riboflavin, thiamin, and lactose of regular milk.

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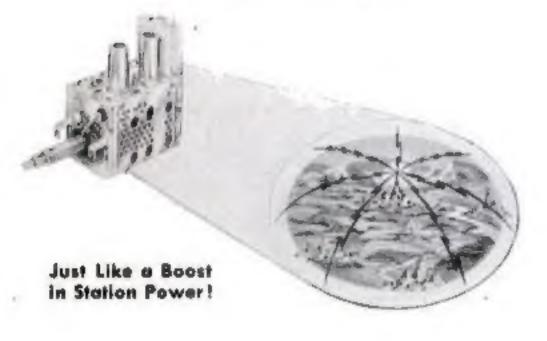


All Over America ... FIRST IN PUBLIC DEMAND

PHILCO

with the

Golden Grid Tuner



TODAY it's recognized everywhere... Philo, with the sensational Golden Grid Tuner, has out-engineered and out-distanced the entire industry in television performance! Its High Fidelity picture reproduction is the big news of 1953. Reports from across the nation confirm that it's first among all TV sets in sensitivity, freedom from noise and sheer power. And everywhere, it's number one in public demand!

For the New Year, this sensational development is here at new low prices. See Philco for 1953, from \$199.95 to \$845*, including Federal tax and warranty.



"GOLDEN GRID"
21-inch table model
—the Philco 2234.
Unmatched anywhere for performance and quality.

OPhtico Corp. *Prices subject to change without notice.



AMERICA'S FINEST OPEN-FACE 21-INCH CONSOLE—the Philos 2281. Full 245 square inch screen—20 sq. inches larger than many so-called 21" sets. Directional All-Channel Built-In Aerial. Mahogany veneer cabinet.



NEW FROM PHILCO—the table-beight radio-phonograph with television in mind. Makes a luxurious TV combination by just raising leaves and adding a TV table model. Philco 1750—Mahogany veneers or Blond Oak. True-Harmonic phonograph plays ALL records better than ever before!



AVAILABLE WITH BUILT-IN ALL-CHANNEL UHF

Only Philco has it—advance-engineered UHF Tuner to receive not one or two but all of the new UHF stations in any area. Plus directional UHF-VHF Built-In Aerial.

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Tamous for Quality
the World Over

This One



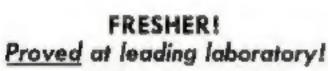
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Cleaner, Fresher, Healthier Mouth!

proved by test... after test!

CLEANER! Proved at famous university!

University dental experts made 395 tests with white, ammoniated and chlorophyll toothpastes . . . found that Chlorodent's patented cleansing ingredient kept teeth cleanest. Chlorodent also strikes at the very causes of tooth decay. Use it regularly!



In nearly 1000 tests, scientists compared Chlorodent with a nationally known non-chlorophyll toothpaste for controlling bad breath. Chlorodent's special chlorophyll* formula gave twice as many people freedom from mouth odors for up to four hours.

HEALTHIER! Proved at Boys Town!

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Chlorodent keeps teeth bright and sparkling!



Chlorodent destroys mouth odors instantly!



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Unconditionally guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to do more for you than any other dentifrice -white, ammoniated or chlorophyll-to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth-or money back. ewater-soluble Chipeuphyllina Also in tooth powder Ask for CHLORODENT

World's Largest Selling Chlorophyll Toothpaste

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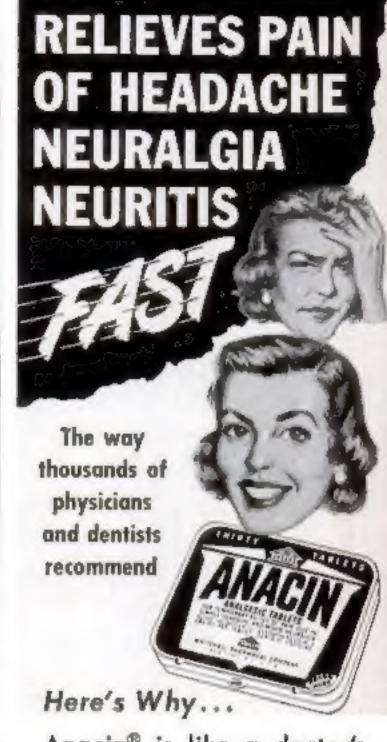
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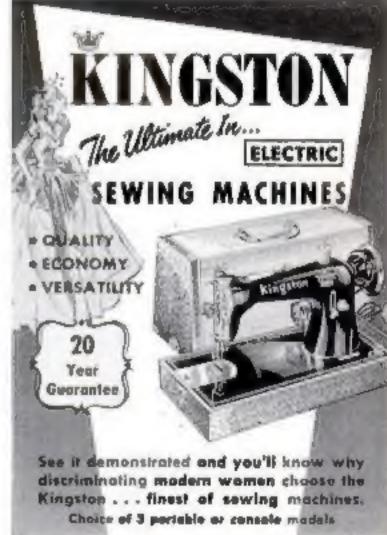
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You don't always travel alone when you go

Jull Circle

TEATE HOLLIS had a strange feeling that she had In lived this day before. It was going to a pattern that was sharply familiar, sharply reminiscent of something that had happened once before. She jabbed a paring knife into the potato she was peeling and held it up and looked at it for a moment. Somehow, the potato had something to do with it.

She heard steps coming down the stairs and across the center hall and then a voice behind her. "Do I look all right, Mother?"

Kate turned and looked at her daughter as she came into the kitchen-tall and trim in a neat gray suit and checkered blouse-and then it all came back to her.

Suddenly Kate had the feeling that this was not today . . . this was not her daughter coming into the kitchen, but she herself. Yes, for an instant it seemed as if this were that day, more than twentyfive years before, when Kate had walked into the kitchen at home and said, "Do I look all right, Mother?"-because that was the day Fred Hollis was coming to dinner for a very special reason, too,



Kate Hollis forced her thoughts to return from that instant of reverie. "You look lovely, Ann. What time did you say Jim would be here?"

"In about an hour, Mother. Guess I'd better start getting things ready in the dining room, don't you think?"

There was one important difference, Kate thought after Ann had left. On that day, her own father was still alive and had spoken with Fred Hollis as any prospective father-in-law might. But today she'd have to handle this alone



Alone? Well, not entirely. She recalled how helpless she had felt, at first, when her husband died eight years before. But then she found how carefuily Fred had worked things out to help her make decisions such as this as the years went by.

The insurance program that he and Cliff Walters had worked out together had come to serve as a year-to-year guide. When Ann reached college age, the question had not been whether she could go, but simply where-because Fred had left a separate New York Life policy to take care of the expense.

And now this new decision would be easy, too. With Ann through college, there was no reason for her not to marry Jim and start a home of her own. He was a fine, sensible boy and should do well as time went on. And Kate knew that she would never be a financial burden to them, because she had her regular checks from New York Life to take care of her. This young couple could live with the same feeling of independence that she and Fred

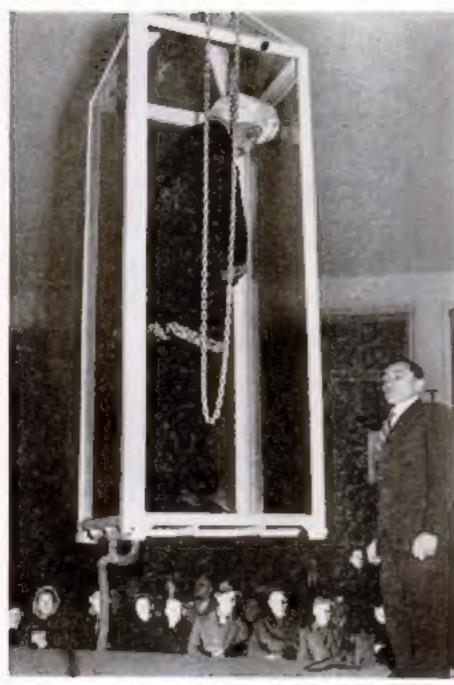
had had—and she knew that that was what Fred would have wanted.

Kate Hollis picked up another potato and began to peel it methodically. Yes, she thought, she had traveled full circle. And somehow it seemed to Kate that a good part of the circle had been carefully drawn a long, long time ago.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

> THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT IN YOUR COMMUNITY IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious,



BOTTLE IS LIFTED UP FOR WELDING CEREMONS

SPEAKING OF OF PICTURES

These show how Austrian lives his life in a bottle

In Austria a man by name of Rudolf Schmied makes a living by making himself uncomfortable. Schmied, who calls himself "Rayo" and wears a turban and fancy clothes, once had himself buried alive for nine days. Another time he nailed his tongue to a board for 24 days. He tried this twice again, for 90 and for 46 days. Now Rayo has had himself welded into a big steel-and-glass bottle in which he plans to spend an entire year. He will subsist, he says, exclusively on dextrose, glucose and vitamin pills and a quarter pint of liquid (coffee or fruit juice) a day. His nourishment, as well as clothes, an air mattress for sleeping and a collapsible stool, is passed in through the bottle neck. His only company in his bottle consists of two nonpoisonous snakes.

At the moment Rayo is in Linz and about to begin a tour of Europe, transported in the bottle in a crate in a surplus British army car. He will be on exhibition 24 hours a day for anyone who pays to see him. So far his audiences have been polite. The only trouble occurred at the start, when Rayo tried to bottle himself in Vienna. There he was halted by a legal injunction. His act, the city authorities said, was "counter to the dignity of man... liable to produce panic... and creating an unhealthy condition for the inhabitant of the bottle."

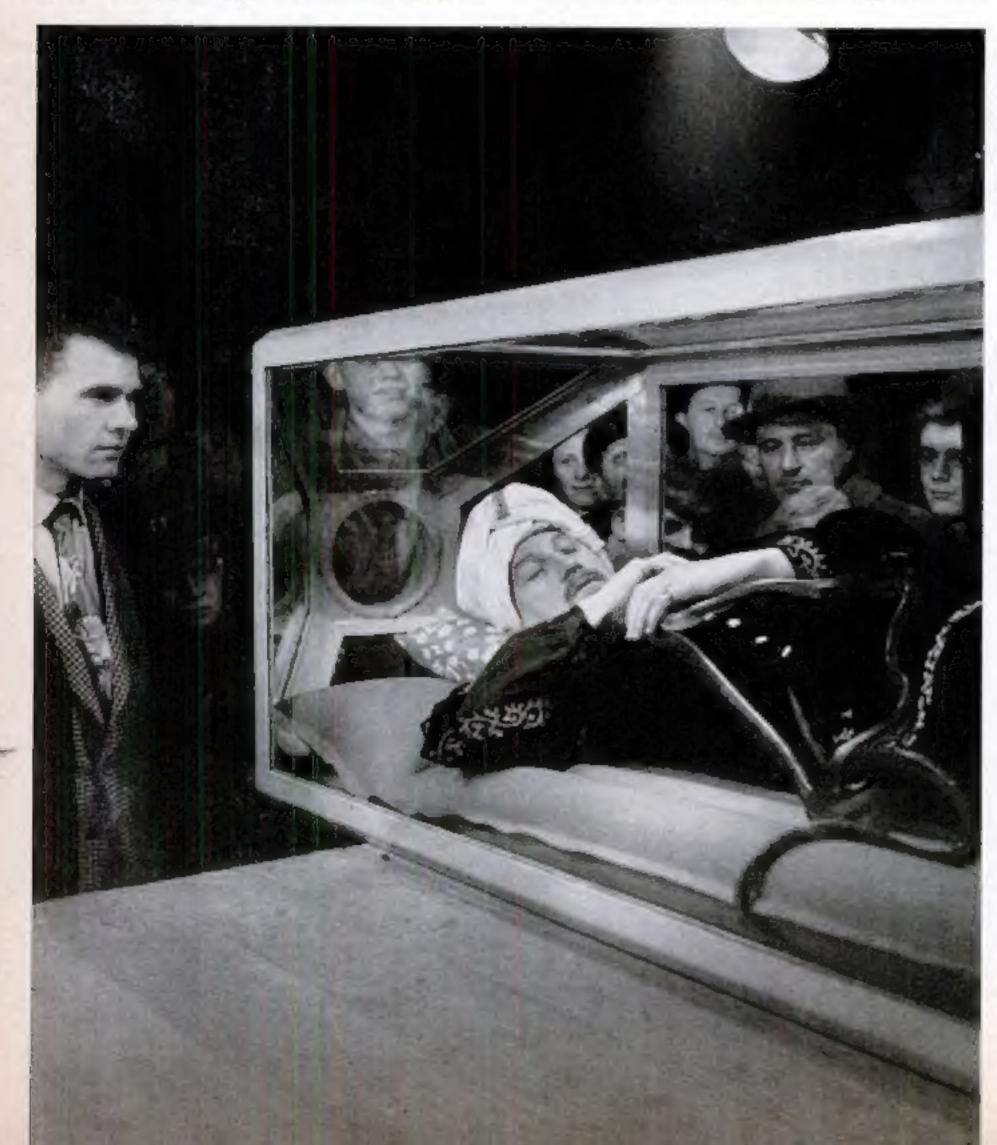
ALONE IN HIS BOTTLE, Rayo spends an evening in hotel room sitting on his stool and reading.





PLAYING CHESS with his manager, Rayo indicates moves by pointing at chessmen through glass.

ON EXHIBITION Rayo plays with snakes as he lies in bottle which is sometimes tipped on side,





AT BEDTIME he prepares for sleep by undressing. Bottle is 73% feet tall and weighs 840 pounds.



BATHING, Rayo anoints himself with oil helper has passed to him. He has a crew of six assistants.



TUCKING IN, Rayo gets set for the night. His bottle is lowered so he doesn't have to sleep crect.



"Friendly Greyhound drivers make every trip a pleasure"

-writes Alanzo Willis of San Bernarding, Calif.

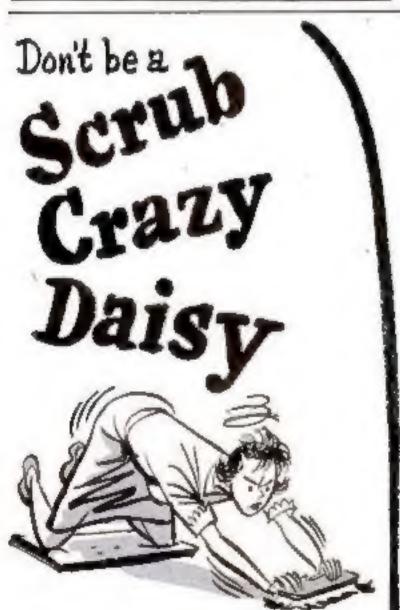
"On my cross-country trips to visit my children, I am always impressed by the courtesy and extra attention shown to passengers by those fine Greyhound drivers.

"That-and their remarkable skill in driving over the highways-makes each of my Greyhound trips completely relaxed and comfortable.

"And, of course, I enjoy the changing scenery, and the money I save with Greyhound's low fares."

For free pictorial travel folder, write Dept. L-1-53. Greyhound Information Center, 105 W. Mudison, Chicago 2, Illinais.





Install new wonder plastic floor. Dirt wipes off super-fast and easy. Never needs waxing for protection. No kitchen mess can stain. Wears longer! 25 colors by tile or yard. The MODERN floor - and counter top, too.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE PRAIRIE

Sirs:

Thank you so very much for your excellent pictures of the "high prairies" (LIFE, Dec. 15). They certainly made two displaced Kansans homesick for that free and unfettered life in that free and uncluttered country!

MARILYN KELSEY

Indiantown Gap Mil. Res., Pa.

Sirs:

Like so many women who married in wartime and moved elsewhere to live, I'm homesick. To read about the prairie and see it again brought a lump to my throat.

I love to remember that part of my life was spent growing up on the prairie with its haughty little prairie dogs, jack rabbits and beautiful prairie flowers.

MRS. A. F. RAYMOND

Shrewsbury, Mass.

PLUMBER DURKIN

Sirs:

Martin Durkin's effort to join the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. as shown in your story ("Cabinet Gets a Plumber," LIFE, Dec. 15) is doomed to failure if an attempt to follow Cartoonist Jensen's drawing is made. No one except an uninformed artist would try to connect two fixed pipes with a "coupling." Plumber Durkin would have used a "union." . . .

RAY HENRICKS

Indianapolia, Ind.

• If he had known better, admits Cartoonist Cecil Jensen, he would have used a union too .- ED.

YVES JOLY

Sirs:

This is just to express my great enjoyment of your recent article on Yves Joly, the French puppeteer ("Heaving Hands," LIFE, Dec. 15). I first saw him work in a small Paris cafe in 1951. Since I spoke no French and he no English, I tried to express to him by pantomime that my hands had brought me to Paris and that his remarkable hands would surely bring him to the U.S. I feel that he is one of the truly great creative artists in the world today.

BURR TILLSTROM

Chicago, Ill.

· Puppeteer Tillstrom, creator of the TV show Kukla, Fran and Ollie, has also traveled a long way on his hands in this country.-ED.

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SENIOR PLAY ACCIDENT

Sira:

Your story "Curtains for the Senior Play" (LIFE, Dec. 15) noted that 12 Luzerne, Pa. high school students were hospitalized when a truck overturned. Now only one student remains in the Nesbitt Hospital-17year-old Betty Petroski. Her injuries include a broken back, triple leg fracture, three broken ribs, plus internal injuries. Her father is unemployed and on crutches from a mine accident,

Sympathy for this young girl sprang up spontaneously. Radio Station WBAX conducted a 21-hour radio marathon during which a continuous flow of pledges, donations and gifts poured in. A total of \$25,000 has been raised toward the care of Betty and her family.

JOHN L. LEWIS

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

based) with a clarifying statement:

"I did not state that chlorophyll is toxic. . . . Neither did I state that the commercial products containing copper or other metal derivatives of chlorophyll now on the market are toxic, I know of no experimental evidence which would provide a basis for a statement that these derivatives are unsafe. While acknowledging numerous published scientific reports on the effectiveness of chlorophyll for healing and deodorization, the point I made was that many phases of the use of chlorophyll need further statistically controlled investigation."

We agree that further work is needed, but the more than 40 scientific papers reporting chlorophyll's effectiveness and safety should be noted.

HAROLD WOLFF

Chlorophyll Industry Committee New York, N.Y.



CITIZENS OF LUZERNE COUNT CONTRIBUTIONS FOR BETTY PETROSKI

Sira:

As author of The Brain Storm, the play the drama class of Luzerne was to have presented, I am curious to know if the students recovered sufficiently to give a delayed performance?

BETTYE KNAPP

Canoga Park, Calif.

 The students have rescheduled the performance of their play for mid-January.-ED.

NEWSFRONTS OF WORLD

Sira:

Recent personnel research described in LIFE on the Newsfronts of the World (Dec. 15) puts many business executives in the "stupid and industrious" class. In defense of this class may I offer Calvin Coolidge's definition of persistence:

"Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent. The slogan 'Press On' has solved and always will solve the problems of the human race."

GORDON T. COLLIER

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Your headline, 'It's Dangerous To Be Lovely," over an item about chlorephyll has needlessly scared millions of chlorophyll users. Dr. Alsoph H. Corwin, Johns Hopkins professor of chemistry, has followed up his original paper (on which your item was

CAMPUS QUEEN

Sire:

We were glad to read about Marlies Gensler ("From DP to Queen," LIFE, Dec. 15) and her success at the University of Florida.

Long Island University's compus queen of '52 also is a foreign student. She is Ruth Koppel, a 22-year-old blond, green-eyed native of Haifa, Israel. Ruth came to the U.S. with her older sister in 1947 to study sociology. Now a junior, she expects to return to Israel following graduation. She'll take back with her ex-U.S. Marine Monte Koppel whom she met and married here two years ago.

RICHARD T. LEEDS

Brooklyn, N.Y.



L.I.U.'S QUEEN FROM ISRAEL

DEATH MASKS

Sirs:

Never have I been so thrilled at a magazine presentation! "How Great Men Really Looked" (LIFE, Dec. 22)

was something I, as a reader, would never have thought of requesting, but once seen, realize it is something I have certainly wanted to see.

DONALD C. REAM

Richlandtown, Pa.

Stra:

. . . Those pictures are too horrible to be printed in any magazine.

MRS. ROBERT EDDY Ventura, Calif.

Sirs:

Laurence Hutton was my father's friend for 40 years and I well remember the collection when it was hung in his house on 34th Street in New York. Mr. Hutton's story of his collection is all told in his Talks in a Library. He speaks of Edwin Booth silently studying the mask of Lincoln and of Helen Keller instantly recognizing a cast of the hands of her friend, the poet Whittier. . . .

MARGARET T. LAMSON Sutton, Mass.

Sira:

You say that Charles XII of Sweden was killed in 1718 by shrapnel. But Henry Shrapnel, the British artillery officer for whom the projectile was named, was not born until 1761, and shrapnel was not used until the Napoleonic wars, several years after its invention.

ROBERT K. HABVEY, M.D. Arlington, N.J.

• A metal fragment killed Charles XII but it was not shrapnel.—ED.

HERB BROWNELL

Sira:

Congratulations on the Brownell story ("Eisenhower's Right Hand," LIFE, Dec. 22). I worked for him in all of his N.Y. Assembly campaigns. One of the soundest men in the country.

ORVILLE F. GRAHAME

Worcester, Mass.

Sire:

So Dewey's Brownell is Ike's Brownell now. And whose was Brutus after Caesar?

The "good" (R) political machinist, we now find, is a very engaging fellow—a far cry from his "bad" (D) counterpart.

The world our Herbert inhabits is equally delightful: the arguments against machine politics which Life used in condemning the "bad" (D) machines become wholly untenable, for, we are now told, perhaps there is no other way to success in American politics. Expediency, not morality, is the new criterion—but expediency for "good" (R) causes alone.

GRECG R. POTVIN

American Falls, Idaho

Sirs:

In the interesting article on Herbert Brownell, the author states that after John G. Sargent, President Calvin Coolidge's attorney general, "there were to be no more Republican attorney generals until [Mr. Brownell] should assume the office himself." The writer has forgotten President Hoover and his attorney general, William D. Mitchell.

G. F. BOWERMAN

Washington, D.C.

• Though he served Republican administrations, Mr. Mitchell was officially listed as a Democrat.—ED,

MINIATURE HORSES

Sirs:

My husband and I were surprised that a 30-inch pony was considered suitable for a LIFE story ("Smaller Than a Dog," LIFE, Dec. 22). We exhibited Tom Thumb for three years as the "world's smallest horse" and so far our claim is undisputed. Tom Thumb is a mare, 8 years old and 24 inches high. She is a freak of nature as her parents were normal saddle stock, not Shetland ponies.

The dog pictured here with the little horse is our great Dane.

MRS. R. E. LEONARD Junction City, Kan,



GREAT DANE, SMALLEST HORSE

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

I read your editorial "Heretica or Conspirators" (Life, Dec. 22) and I think history has shown Mr. Sidney Hook's rather invidious distinction between hereny and conspiracy is quite invalid due to man's eternal short-sightedness and bias in contemporary decisions. Indeed, the two outstanding "heretica" you mention were both treated as "conspirators" in their lifetime. Socrates was put to death for his teachings and William Lloyd Garrison narrowly escaped death at the hands of a mob of respected citizenry.

A tolerant attitude toward our "splinter" groups in the past has caused them all to eventually flicker out, their members and sometimes some of their ideas becoming a part of the whole nation once more.

A weak government must fear every meeting of its citizens. But, short of armed uprising, a strong democracy is never in danger of any of its factions, no matter how clamorous or irksome they may be. When we try to use our day by day judgment on issues that require the more stable and tried formula of tolerance, then we are our own conspirators. We destroy our own civil liberties.

BERTRAND N. SHAFFER New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Since reference was made to my distinction between heresy and conspiracy, I should like to observe that in my view no one, heretical or orthodox, has an inherent right to any specific job; but once a man has been certified as competent, he has a right to his job, subject to continuous competent performance, whether a heretic or not. This goes for government jobs,

too, except some key appointive ones. An official may be completely loyal and competent, and still entertain heretical notions. These notions may be very helpful in testing and reformulating policy.

beliavior and performance are the most relevant factors. But this does not apply to conspirators, The American Association of University Professors, the American Civil Liberties Union and other organizations go wrong precisely at this point. They believe, for example, that if a teacher who has won tenure joins a conspiratorial organization like the Communist party no action may be justifiably taken to discipline him until he actually carries out his instructions.

The essence of liberalism is the continuous use of intelligence to solve problems—not the ritualistic incantation of abstract principles, Liberalism today must be tough-minded.

SIDNEY HOOK

New York University New York, N.Y.

CAT SHOW

Sirs:

You published my letter (Letters to the Editors, LIFE, Dec. 22) in which I thanked you for "LIFE Goes to the Biggest U.S. Cat Show," but also criticized parts of your coverage. By condensing my letter you made it appear I had nothing but approval to offer.

> RAY SMITH Editor

Cate Magazine Pittsburgh, Pa.

• While praising Life's pictures of the Los Angeles Cat Show, Editor Smith thought that "the sensational rather than the constructive side" had been too much emphasized, and declared that comradeship, not competitiveness, was the general spirit among cat exhibitors.—ED,

FRENZY OR BOUQUET?

Sira:

"Frenzy in Feathers," your Miscellany picture of Dec. 22, would have been better captioned "A Bouquet of Pheasants," thus bringing into use this picturesque word in a little-known meaning, i.e., a group of pheasants exploding from a central point. The picture did look like a flower arrangement!

MORGAN G. BULKELEY Copake Falls, N.Y.







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FEET ARE, FROM LEFT, THOSE OF ARGENTINE QUINTUPLET, SPEAKER MARTIN, RESCUER AT A SHIPWRECK, MODEL IN MAJORCA AND AN OYTER

THE PATTER OF FEET, TINY AND OTHERWISE

My feet, they haul me Round the House, They Hoist me up the Stairs: I only have to steer them, and They Ride me Everywheres.

Classically, man's symbol of movement has been his feet, as noted by the poet, Gelett Burgess, in the above jingle. Since the world is never static it is hardly surprising to discover that the part of it which we examine in this week's LIFE produces a promenade of assorted feet riding people "Everywheres."

So we have the graceful foot of 93/2-year-old María Esther Diligenti, which served to transport her to her First Communion together with her four brothers and sisters. They constitute Argentina's little-known quintuplets shown on pages 11 through 15.

Less shapely but more purposeful are the moving feet of Joe Martin who treads on page 17 from a minority status to the congressional office of Speaker of the House, a symbol of

the momentous movement now in progress in Washington as the Republican administration takes over.

The sturdy feet of a Lebanese fisherman go about the gallant and dramatic work of rescuing shipwrecked passengers of the liner Champollion on pages 26 through 28.

A fashionable foot traveled far to the island of Majorca to model for you the espadrille, along with other fashions pictured in color on pages 53 through 61. Two irrepressible otters, exhibiting all the artful expression of a ballerina, propelled themselves into Life on pages 75 through 79 with feet which carry them through the snow, down the stairs and through the waters of a tank in chase of prey.

Finally on pages 94 and 95 we have the circuitous movements necessary for those who call upon President-elect Dwight Eisenhower in his New York headquarters. There you will find footsteps actually pattering across the pages.



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MEDICINE
MOVING DAY FOR A HOSPITAL
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17-GEORGE SKADDING, MARK KAUFFMAN, GEORGE

MYRTLE WINTER-HENRY WALLACE ZI-ABRAHAN AGHABEKIAN 31, 34, 35-JOHN ZIMMERMAN ABBREVIATIONS: LT., LEFT: WT., MIGHT: T., TOP: A.P., ASSOCIATED

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tom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified. 72-1 CALDWELL FROM RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE-ROBERT W. KELLEY M THEOGRA IT -- DEANINGS BY WILLIAM SHAPP INT. -- MLY DAILY MINROR FROM INT. -N.Y. JOURNAL-AMERICAN FROM INT. 50-DRAWING BY WILLIAM SHARP 12-TALE JOEL 34. 95-ALFRED EISENSTAEDT 36-KETSTONE

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LEADING HOME ECONOMISTS sample low-salt cooking under guidance of Sunkist Consumer Service Director, Gertrude Austin (third from left). After tasting 23 unsalted foods with and without lemon, all agreed a squeeze of lemon works wunders for otherwise dull and unpalatable dishes. Foods

tested included appetizers, soups, salads, beef roast, lamb chaps, fish, vegetables and stewed fruit. Sunkist booklet "When the doctor says: Cut down on salt" is available without charge Write Sunkist, Sec. 2701, Box 2706, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California.

New Life for Low-Salt Diets

FOODS TAKE ON NEW FLAVOR, NEW APPEAL WITH LEMONS

If you've ever tried eating dinner without using the salt shaker, you know how dull and tasteless low-salt dishes can be. Yet today it is estimated that someone in every fourth U.S. family is on a low-sodium or salt-free dict.

Housewives, plagued with the problem of pepping up saltless meals, are discovering that many, many foods can be more appetizing with fresh lemons. Reason? The taste of salt is replaced by the sharp tang of lemon juice.

Families in which one member is on a low-salt diet all tend to become lemon enthusiasts. Many people who have been limiting use of lemon to fish and scafood, tomato juice and ten now are finding that lemon's tartness enhances a surprising variety of foods. And lemon works

this same flavor magic with or without salt!

As one housewife puts it: "Four months ago the doctor placed my husband on a strict, low-sodium diet. I was at my wit's end trying to make his food tempting to him, until I discovered what fresh lemons do for food flavors. Now I serve a dish of lemon wedges every meal. The whole family uses them."



WHEN THE DOCTOR prescribes a diet low in salt, the real problem is to keep unsalted foods from tasting flat, insipid. Lemons, virtually salt-free, are a wonderful help, and are commonly permitted on all levels of low-sodium diets.



OVERWEIGHT? Many reducing diets recommend cutting down on salt. Seasoning with lemons instead of salt makes reducing easier. Not only does it help you shed pounds faster, but a squeeze of tangy, fresh lemon sparks listless low-calorie foods.



LEMONS-ON-THE-TABLE make any menu more tasty and zestful. Serve plump, easy-to-squeeze wedges every meal. Just be sure they're Sunkist Lemons—finest from California-Arizona. Sunkist e

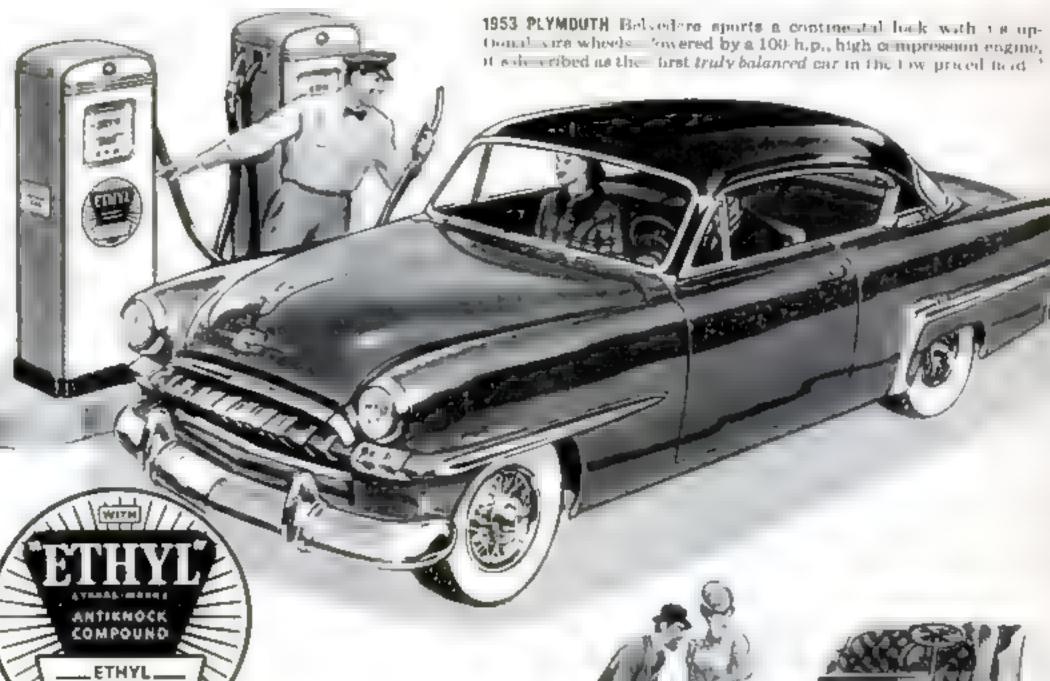


1904 GENERAL ELECTRIC had a novel electric transmission. A gusoame engine run a general or which supplied power to two electric motions origing the rear wheels. There was no gear shift.

IN 1928, automobile advertisements offered "flashing power at your fingertips." Then, as now, car owners wanted better performance—and "Ethyl" gasoline helped them get it.

And just as the car of today is far superior to the average car of a quarter century ago —so, too, has "Ethyl" gasoline improved over the years. Today's 'Ethyl" gasoline is designed to help your modern, high compression engine deliver its top power and performance

That's why it pays to fill 'er up at the pump with the familiar "Ethyl" emblem. Remember, there's a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline!



ETHYL

CORPORATION

New York 17, New York Ethyl Antiknock 11d., in Canada 1900 GASMOBILE was the fire, 5 x evander car sold in the U.S. Actually it had two three-cylinder engines booked together Though the car was termed "futuristic" the company failed in 1902



"FULL HOUSE" (FATHER DILIGENTI'S TERM) IS ON STAIRS—FRANCO AT BOTTOM, THEN MARIA CRISTINA, MARIA FERNANDA, MARIA ESTHER, CARLOS ALBERTO

PUBLIC SEES ARGENTINE QUINTS

For the world's other quintuplets, the Diligentis of Argentina, the holidays in Buenos Aires were extraordinarily wonderful. Even beyond the usual joys, the season brought a grand chance for fancy dressing up and a gala party in their honor. It was First Communion for the two boys and three girls, the only living quintuplets besides the Dionnes, and was the occasion of the first formal public appearance of their 9% years. Like most things concerning these seldom-seen children, the celebration was intended to be studiously routine but it

turned out to be more than a little special

For Franco and Carlos Alberto there were handsome white dress suits and for Maria Cristina, Maria Fernanda and Maria Esther beautiful dresses brought especially by their mother from Rome Moreover, it was the first time they had been together in months because their father, who has refused to exploit them in any way, was anxious to keep them normal and had packed them off to separate schools.

On Communion Day the excited kids were up at 7 a.m. and by 8 had so pestered their

millionaire father that he chased them out of his room. At 10 a m, they went through the ceremony at Metropoliton Cathedral with perfect aplonib. Then, having had no breakfast, they were popped into hed, fed a little consomme and left to nap until 5. The party that night was a wondrous affair with puppet theater, a ventriloquist, two orehestras and, heat of all, permission to stay up until 1 a.m.

When it was all over, young Franco spoke for all five when he said with philosophical sadness, "You can only do anything first, once."



PRIVATE TRY-ON of her new Communion costant occupies Maria Esther, games rigid (figures) who makes carefor adjustment of her wrighled stocking.



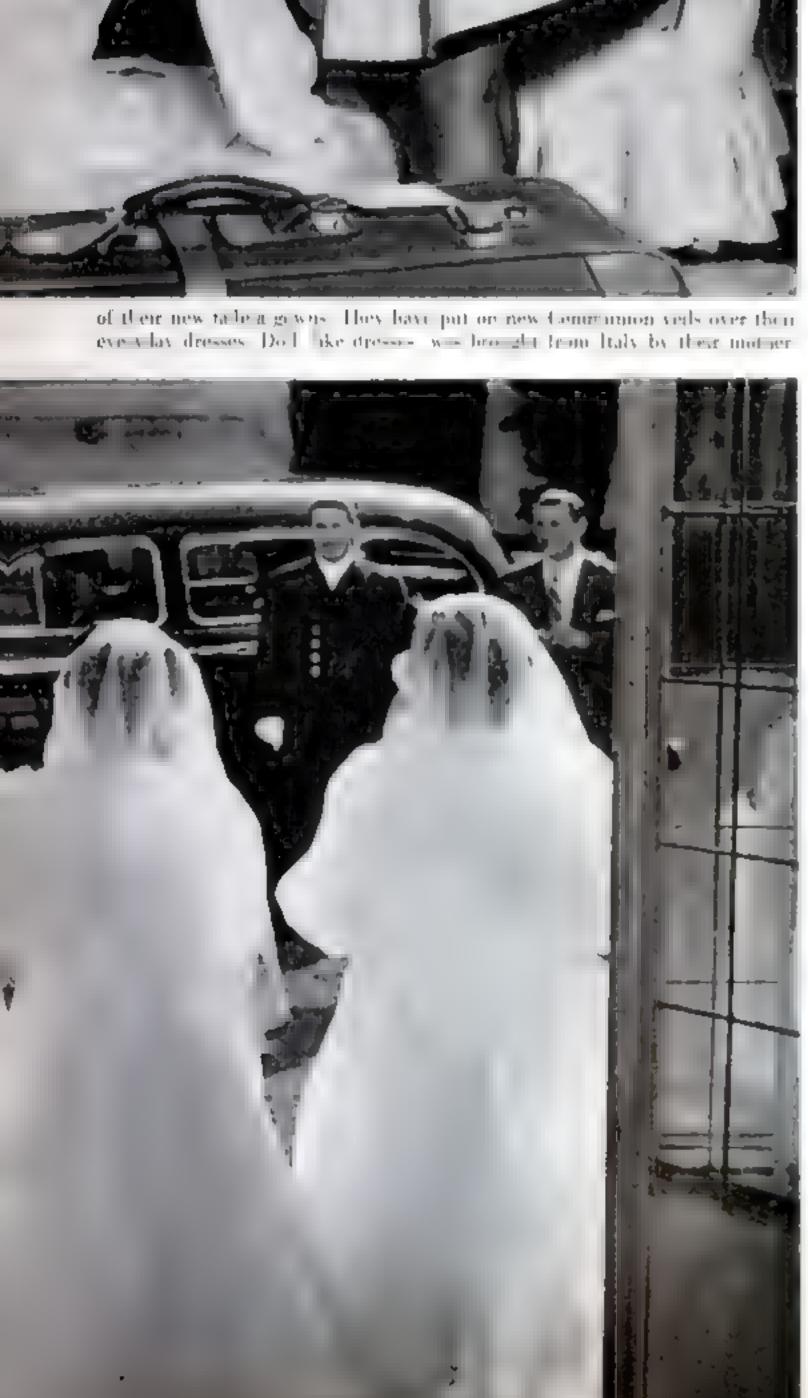
FAMILY CONFERENCE brings in Carles A berto (17/1) and France (11/2/10) to look on its Maria Esther and Mana Crestina (11/2) and The Derk One in its Line



ALL READY, Maria Fernanda. 'The fail the One and Maria hather prompto and orway tobotic and then (ngot) the past one the theorem all marow.









ANXIOUS WAIT for car to take them to chare keeps Fram rand tardes Melecto at window, barely wern soles of sones turned up. Car was light four late.



IN CHURCH María Esther and Carlos Alberto march together in sedate selfpossession as their older sisters. Ana María, 15, and Maves. 22 baget nervous v



SOLEMN MOMENT of service sends quintuplets to knees just before receiving the Host from officiating priest. Argentina's Cardinal Copello presided over

service. Here Diligentis are in order which has grown customary in the family: from left, Franco, María Cristina, María Fernanda, María Esther, Carlos Alberto.



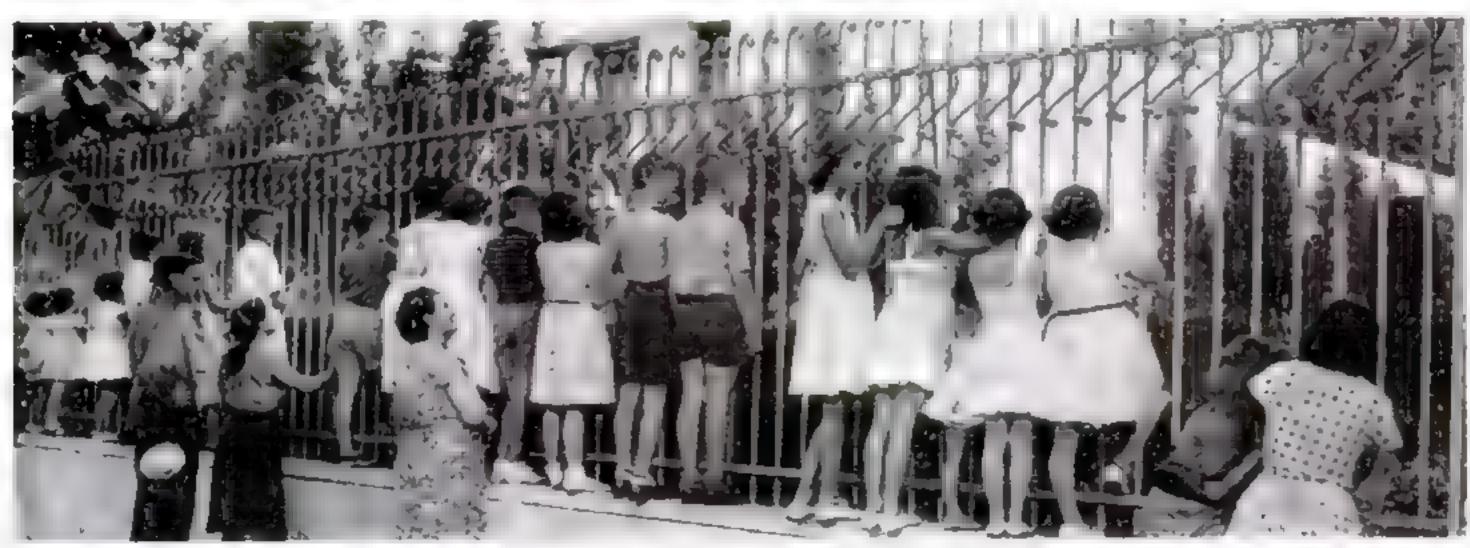
PROUD FAMILY stands as the service ends. The parents (wearing dark glasses) stand with the oldest

child, Ana María (left), and Mayra, only survivor of set of triplets. Quints are newest Diligenti children.

A REWARD IN CHURCH FOR PARENTS' TRIALS

The Communion went off with such decorum that few could believe how hard pressed the Diligentis have been to rear the quints as everyday children. When they were born on July 15, 1943, Father Diligenti, an Italian immigrant who made a fortune in dyes and textiles, at first tried to shelter them from notoriety by getting birth certificates in different registries. Later, when the secret leaked out and some noted that they were not identical, he snapped, "They don't make them to order, you know."

Exceptionally bright, the quintuplets speak four languages—Spanish to each other, Italian to their parents, English at school and French wherever it is needed. Being sent off to separate schools has broken up their too-close team relationship. At their garden party, instead of sticking together, the quints went off separately to play with their schoolmates.



CURIOUS NEIGHBORS peer through fence trying to glumpse quants in Diligenti garden where 400 schoolmates and adult friends have gathered for party.



TWO TOUGH ONES FOR WINNIE AND IKE

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS NEED ATTENTION ON THE ECONOMIC AND ASIAN FRONTS

Judging from his visit to Morningside Heights, Mr. Churchill hopes to return Anglo-American relations to that basis of personal intimacy on which he and F.D.R. ran the Western war against Hitler. It was an effective basis then and might be again. But Anglo-American relations are a bigger subject than first names, even the names "Winston" and "Ike."

As he disclosed to the Communist convention last October, Stalin expects that Anglo-American relations will deteriorate. In fact they have been quietly deteriorating for several years. Beneath the smooth surface of professional diplomacy, and above the mutual cousinly trust of our two peoples, there has been a cold layer of Anglo-U.S. failure to agree, which has made unnecessarily bad weather in many parts of the world. It led to the almost hopeless situation in Iran; it led to a split naval command for NATO; and so on. But all the many details are overshadowed by two problems of major dimensions. These are the economic future of Britain, and that part of our global strategy against Communism that concerns Asia.

On economic policy, the British and ourselves have been mouthing the same pious generalities for a decade. We both repeatedly profess to be for convertible currencies, investment in underdeveloped countries, the removal of barriers to multilateral world trade. Seldom have fair words been so belied by results. The pound is still not convertible with the dollar, the British economic position is still precarious, and world trade, without which Britain has no economic future, is anything but free.

During their six-year submission to socialism, it often seemed as though the British really didn't care. The Socialists had the itch (as well as good emergency excuses) to control their trade and ration foreign exchange. They even developed a gloomy theory that Britain's dollar shortage would be permanent and that therefore some controls would have to be permanent too.

In their single year in office, the Tories have at least changed this atmosphere for the better. They have rehabilitated the price system, raised interest rates and slowed the wage-price spiral without causing undue strikes. Above all, they have introduced a note of seriousness into the hope for dollar-pound convertibility. The recent Commonwealth conference of finance ministers reaffirmed this goal and even announced a plan for achieving it—a plan which, like all Britain's big plans, depends on U.S. cooperation.

In effect, the British have returned the economic ball to our court. The "dollar shortage" is now seen as no more permanent than we choose to make it by failing to correct the imbalance of our own trade. They ask us to act like a creditor country, accepting payments in imports for our exports and loans.

For example, the British have just repaid the second annual instalment of principal and interest on our 1946 loan: \$138.5 million. If they had to earn those dollars by direct sale of British goods to the U.S. at the rate of our present purchases from Britain, they would have to earmark four months' worth of such sales out of every year—for the next 50 years. Surely the U.S. can act like a more intelligent banker than that.

If Eisenhower's foreign trade policy solves the problem of U.S. imports, the British will have no reason to be either beggars or isolationists anymore. Indeed they might even become an economic powerhouse again, sharing with us the task of creating new wealth throughout the non-Communist world. That great prospect is now largely up to us. With the other major difficulty in Anglo-American relations, the case is somewhat different. Ever since our "inescapable" decision (as Ike called it) to defend Korea, U.S. strategy against Soviet Communism has inescapably and increasingly become a global strategy. Mr. Dulles is likely to make it even more so. The British, on the other hand, continue to underrate the Asian front.

In an article called "The World Is Round" in the current Foreign Affairs, Hamilton Fish Armstrong describes the American strategic concept as follows: "When mere civilians begin to grasp the significance of a California-Denmark air service across the Polar ice cap we must suppose that military planners have long ago seen that the two pairs of Russia's flanks merge, and that talk of a 'Europe first' or 'Asia first' approach to the Soviet problem is academic. If our planners have not done so, we may be sure that the Russians have." The geopolitical view does seem to be more spherical from the U.S. and Moscow than from London. This is one reason why the British could regard Mao Tse-tung so lightly as to recognize his government. Another may be that the British have never taken seriously the problem of good and evil east of Suez.

Many Britons now admit that their quasi-appeasement policy hasn't worked. The London Economist wants "a coherent, long-term policy for the Far East as a whole." The only policy that answers this description is one that envisions the rollback of Communism in Asia as well as in Europe. But not even the Economist is yet able to will the means to that. Since the U.S. has also lacked resolution on this score, the potential cleavage in Atlantic opinion is more dangerous than has been allowed to appear.

The Pentagon recently discussed with the British a plan for a naval blockade of China. The British, like one holding three fingers over a cough, muffled their concern for Hong Kong behind a flawless demonstration that the plan wouldn't work. Many Britons still think Mao can be Titoized by kindness. Americans begin to realize that kindness will neither deflect, unseat nor even Titoize Mao. The delicate American problem is therefore to find a method of unkindness which the British will not actively oppose—meanwhile waiting for them to recover their taste for victory, which they lost in the last war.

Thus there is little immediate prospect of a new Anglo-American general formula for world peace and order. But the long-run prospect remains hopeful, for two reasons.

First, Britain's geographical myopia is probably temporary. For centuries her lot has been cast with the whole world's and we must assume it will be again. 'Little Englanders', now speaking as Europe-firsters, are a recurrent phenomenon in British opinion; they evince what Armstrong calls "the note of longing for the little role, the smaller task." But they never dominate British politics for long. Once the tiresome cloud over Britain's economic prospects is lifted, the political consequences in liberating British courage may be very great.

Second, philosophical differences between Britons and Americans are also temporary. The difference over Chinese Communism is philosophical. If Mao is an evil menace equivalent to the evil menace of Stahn, the British will eventually discover this fact. Our two peoples have about the same ultimate threshold of self-deception, and share a way of making their truer visions effective in the long run.



MARTIN, MACARTHUR AND AN ELEPHANT (RAMPANT) MOVE IN

A small parade of triumph took place in a Capitol corridor last week, headed by Minority Leader Joe Martin, Republican of Massachusetts, who carried the plastic elephant that graced the G.O.P. committee rooms during the late campaign. Behind Martin came porters, with a globe, a lamp and a picture of General MacArthur. The parade turned a corner smartly and halted in the office of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, which has a fine crystal chandelier, lots of sunlight and a good

view of the Capitol mall. With that, Joe Martin was physically installed as Speaker of the House of Representatives. To the smaller, darker office that Joe had just left went the ex-Speaker, Sam Rayburn, Democrat of Texas. He had had the sunny office since 1940 with the exception of the two-year Republican 80th Congress, when Martin was the Speaker. Next day, when a new G.O.P. Congress, the 83rd, convened (next page), this latest change-over of the two long-time rivals was quickly made official.



FAREWELL ON THE HILL takes place at large seven for Truman by outgoing Separe Secretary Les

Bills Here President has a few words wit. Senator Evidon Johnson (Exas), new rotativition Licer,



REUNION ON THE HILL occurs when Representative Frances Bolton (Ohio), starting her eighth

term, joins her son Oliver, starting his first term, in waving to her grandchildren sitting in the gallery.



OLD AND NEW DEMOCRATS meet as Senator Hoey (N.C.) welcomes Senator Symington (Mo.).

ENTRANCE

Republican 83rd Congress opens

"Any jackass can kick a barn down," said Sam Rayburn good-humoredly last Friday as Republican and Democratic representatives and senators completed their party caucuses and prepared to convene the 83rd Congress, "but it takes a carpenter to build it back." When Rayburn spoke there was at least some thought among Democrats that the second Republican Congress in 20 years would open on a note of kicking. There was a chance for a squabble over admission of some senators, like McCarthy of Wisconsin, subject of a committee report, or a fight over the filibuster and civil rights. But Congress opened in an air of high



MAVERICK Wayne Morse (Ore.), who quit the G.O P., comes to Senate with chair. He got old seat.



OLD AND NEW VEEPS, Barkley, who still has job, and ex-Senator Nixon, briefly jobless, meet.

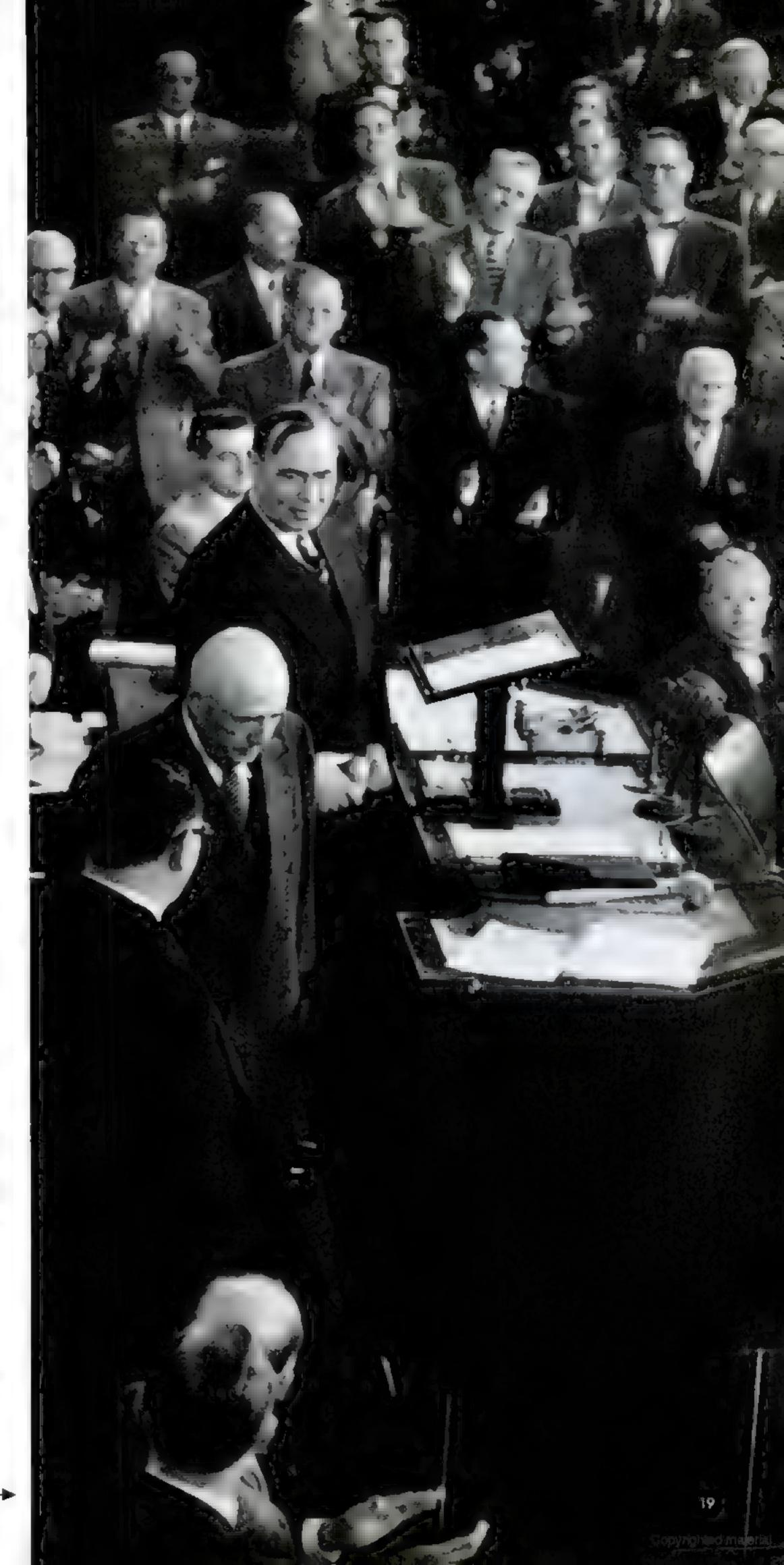
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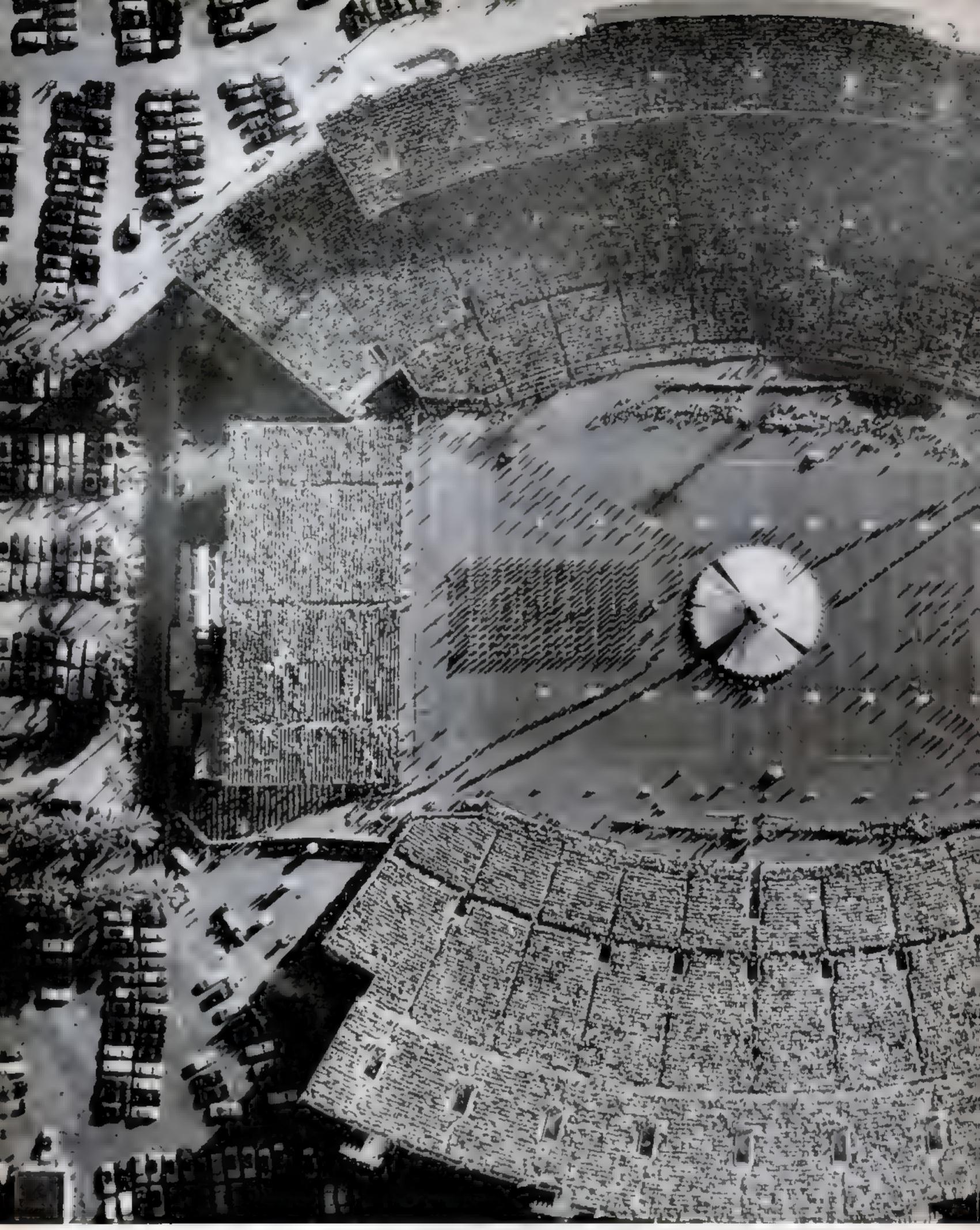
in an atmosphere of good humor

good humor which helped the Republican carpenters tack up a solid if temporary scaffold. In the House, 426 representatives (nine were absent) cheered happily as outgoing Speaker Rayburn made a pleasant speech yielding "temporarily" to incoming Speaker Joe Martin and stepped down after praising Joe's fairness. In the Senate, from the first, the new majority floor leader, Bob Taft, quashed any would-be uprisings. There were roars while controversial Senator McCarthy was signing the roster—but only because Vice President Barkley, still the Senate's presiding officer, was kissing the hand of Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine.

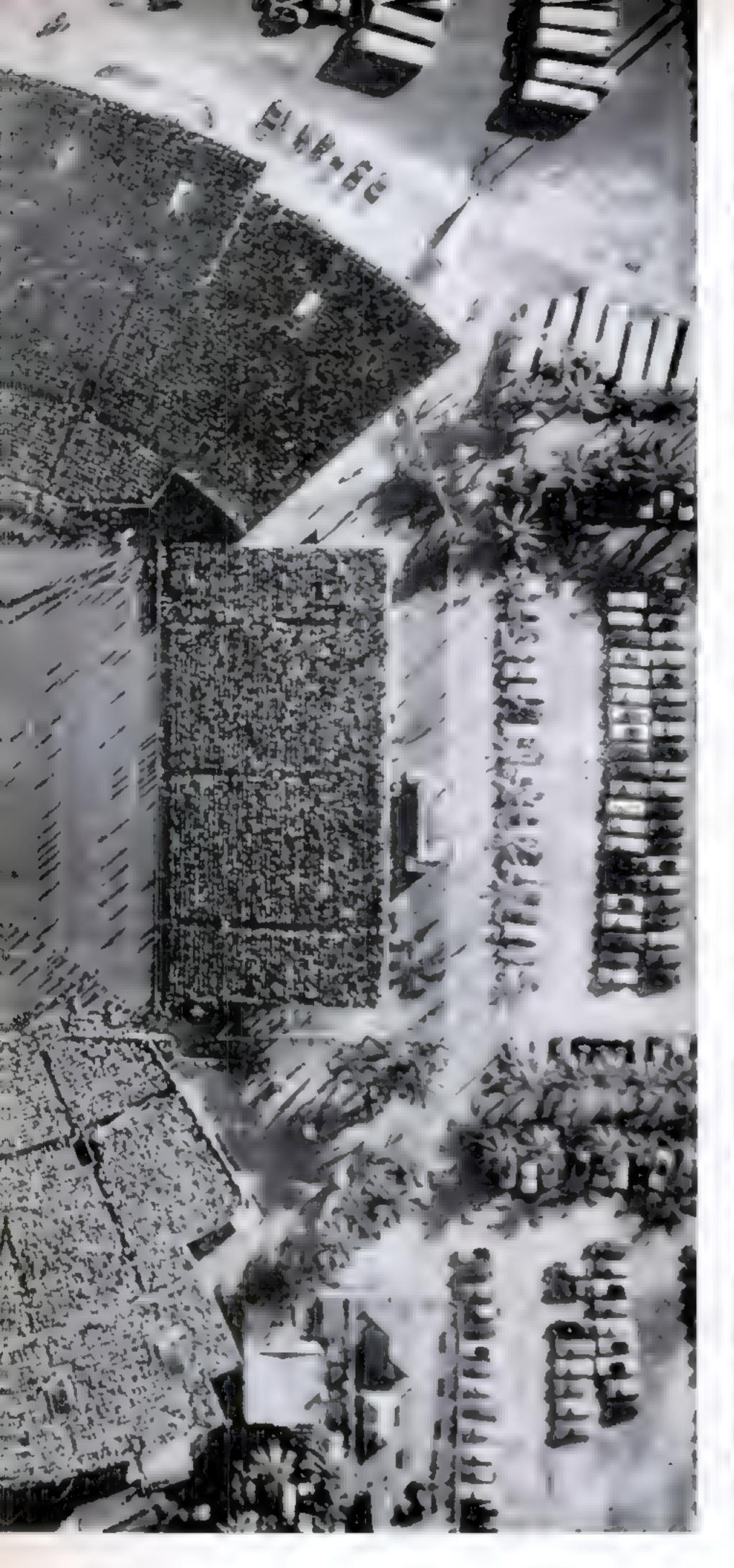


FIREBRAND Joe McCarthy (Wis.) challenged one and all to keep him out. But he took oath anyway.





AERIAL PANORAMA OF THE ORANGE BOWL, TAKEN AT HALF-TIME, SHOWS WHITE CIRCLE OF STREAMERS STRETCHING OUT FROM QUEEN 5 MIDFIELD FLOAT





ORANGE BOWL QUEEN stands on the streamer-decked float which makes the white circle in center of picture at left.

AN ORANGE BOWL FROM THE BLUE

Miami photographer outdoes Pasadena's

Two photographers, separated by 3,000 index but sharing the same idea, got up in the sky on New Year's Day to take half-time panorama shots of their respective howl games. Dead center above Florida's Orange Bowl, Bill Sinders of the Miami Herald leaned from a plane at 1,000 feet and shot the perfect pattern at left, showing the 60,280 fans who saw Alabama's record-breaking 61-6 victory over Syracuse, the Orange Bowl queen on her streamer-eneireled pedestal, and handsmen paraliing on the turf. Move the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, where Southern California was defeating Wisconsin. 7 0. Photographer Bob Sinclair bailed out of a slowflying plane clutching his camera. He barely avoided crashing into the side of the grandstand, was so busy pulling his shroud lines (below) that he got no pictures at all before he fell into some trees outside the field.



ROSE BOWL JUMPER Bob Sinclate fails toward packed stands, busy pulling on his parachute cords to miss crowd.



A PAIR OF EMBATTLED LABOR BOSSES

Their strikes harass a hig city by land and sea

The New Year found New York City besieged by land and by sea. Mike Quill, president of the C.I.O. Transport Workers Union, called 8,000 bus workers off the city's privately owned lines. Then Joe Ryan, president of the A.F. of L. International Longshoremen's Association, backed a strike of scalers, samplers and weighers that temporarily shut down 60 of the city's 143 piers. Ryan's strike seemed to be mainly in protest against the State Crime Commission, which has exposed union racketeering.

Quill had a better case. His strike, which promised a monumental jam on the city's already sardine-packed subways, was to get his men a 40-hour week. This is a demand many of Quill's critics, who resent his high-handed tactics, concede is reasonable because it has been granted drivers on city-subsidized lines. Private bus companies said they could not agree without raising fares from 10¢ to 15¢, and Mayor Vincent Impellitteri accused Quill and the bus owners of putting the squeeze on the city. Quill said he wouldn't arbitrate until "Impy" apologized. At week's end Impy hadn't and the strike was still on. On the waterfront, though, rank-and-file longshoremen were ignoring Joe Ryan's crusade and reporting for work. Said one dockwalloper, "This is a phony and the men don't like it."



RUFFLED RYAN on the waterfront strike's first day was busy calling his lieutenants in Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia to ask their support for walkout.

◆─ QUIZZICAL QUILL at a press conference reflects on question and is reflected by a table. He suggested that city schools be closed and teachers use television.





Smoothest thing on ice. In a "whiskey on the rocks" (just whiskey and ice), smoothness and flavor make the big difference. Try Four Roses "on the rocks." You'll discover—at your first sip—the special smoothness and distinctive flavor that have made Four Roses the first choice of millions—coast to coast.

Wouldn't you rather drink

Four Roses



Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York City. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60 · grain neutral spirits.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

McCarran has an uncomfortable week, Acheson has sore hindsight and a tenor swallows his mustache

Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada spent a very uncomfortable week. Questioned as a defendant in a million-dollar conspiracy suit, he admitted that he generally got free rooms and



PAT MeCARRAN

meals from wealthy hotel and casino operators in Las Vegas. Even more aggravating was the furor raised by the McCarran-Walter immigration act. In a report hailed by eminent men of all faiths and races, a special presidential commission said that the act was a violation of American principles, dangerous to our foreign relations and "an arrogant, brazen

instrument of discrimination" which should be rewritten from beginning to end. While McCarran pooh-poohed the report, the Administration was doing its best to point up the absurdities of the McCarran Act by enforcing it to the hilt.

Alahama's Tuskeges Institute, which had been keeping careful track for 70 years, reported that there was not a single U.S. lynching in 1952—the first lynchless year since 1882. But the report deployed the high number of race heatings, hombings and intimidations.

Gunman hijacks a plane

On a routine 100-mile flight over Luzon, the pilot and co-pilot of a Philippine airliner were suddenly threatened by a Chinese passenger who waved a gun and demanded to be flown to Communist China. He shot and killed both the pilot and the purser and had made the co-pilot fly within 15 miles of the Chinese Red port of Amoy before Chinese Nationalist planes forced a landing in Nationalist territory. The six other passengers, including two Americans, were unharmed in the midflight hijacking.

Tenor Walter Midgley, singing in Rigoletto at London's Covent Garden opera house, made a striking appearance. But when he took an extra-deep breath half of his bristling false mustache dived down his throat and nearly choked him. Midgley turned his back, coughed up his bristles, then bravely finished the rest of the opera with the nylon base of the mustache still stuck in his throat.

Rodney Dee gains, Roger Lee loses

The Brodie Siamese twins whose heads were separated three weeks ago in an unparalleled 13-hour operation at a University of Illinois hospital moved into another stage last week. Rodney Dee, the stronger twin, underwent a two-hour operation which covered his exposed brain with grafted skin, giving him a far better safeguard against infection. But the second twin, Roger Lee, still in a coma, was too weak to stand another operation.

In order to simplify its case, the government has decided after all not to prosecute 83 of the 118 Du Ponts listed as defendants in its antitrust suit (LIFE, Dec. 8). Forty-eight of the discarded defendants are minors, and evidence against the others is too inconclusive, but the government is still keeping 35 Du Ponts on the docket.

Keep racketeers, Italy asks

Understandably disturbed by the recently announced plans of the U.S. Department of Justice, the Italian government has issued a warning that it will not permit any Italian-born racketeers who have become U.S. citizens to return to Italy, even if the U.S. should decide to deport them. If both Italy and the U.S. stick to their guns, such notorious citizens as Frank Costello, Thomas Luchese (Three Finger Brown) and the Anastasia brothers may become racketeers without a country.

In Vancouver, B.C., a 12-year-old burglar explained how he had managed to carry out four successful office burglaries inside of four hours. He had just escaped from the crowded Provincial Industrial School for Boy's where he and the other young inmates, he said, were given lessons on how to pick locks by a staff instructor "in case you should lose your locker key."



CHRISTMAS CARDS SWAMP ENGLEHARDT

No more cards, please

Three years ago George Englehardt, the public relations director of the United Cerebral Palsy organization, asked people to send in all their old Christmas cards so that palsied children could play with them. To his delight—and somewhat to his dismay—the first year's response was a staggering 80 million cards. Last year Englehardt thanked everyone but

explained that no more cards were needed since the children were already oversupplied. He got 20 million more. This year he tried desperately to stem the flood, but, in spite of his best efforts, in the first three days of 1953 he again found himself overwhelmed.



PROS SEDGMAN AND MOGREGOR

For the third straight year Australia's brilliant tennis team of Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor won the Davis Cup, heating the U.S. team of Vie Seixas and Tony Trahert. Then, for a guarantee of \$100,000 a year, the Aussie stars turned pro, giving the U.S. a much better chance to win back the Davis Cup next year.

Acheson on U.N. disloyalty

Testifying before a House subcommittee, Secretary of State Dean Acheson gave his opinion that disloyal Americans in the U.N. are a matter of national interests "but not national security," He explained that because of a 1946 decision by Secretary of State Byrnes, the State Department gives opinions on the loyalty of U.N. employes only after they have been chosen. Asked if he would have acted differently knowing what he knows now, Acheson replied lightly that "My hindsight is sore at this point "But when he discussed the work of his own aides, he assumed a solemn tone and declared that he would not "snatch the knotted cord from the hand of God and deal out murderous blows' to my associates."

Eisler loses his job

When Communist Gerhart Eisler jumped bail in 1949 and fled the U.S., he went to East Germany and became head of the information bureau, a job which enabled him to heap abuse on the U.S. Eisler should have known his bosses better. Last week his job was liquidated, and the West wondered how long it might be before Eisler himself would go the way of his job.

Columbia University selected a new president to succeed Dwight D. Eisenhower. He is 49-year-old Dr. Grayson L. Kirk, the acting head of Columbia since 1950 and an expert on international relations.

TAKING A BEATING from the sea, which sent borsts of spray 2 over the superstructure. Le Changot our sits relices on the souther. She bit head on bit wind and wives swing stern income. Resence attempts have not set started.



BATTLING THE SURF, small res me bout (chara) as launched on best day, but is tossed by a comber and driven back. Next receiving some of 50 who swam ashere (below) come in like bobbing corks as rese er goes out to belo them.



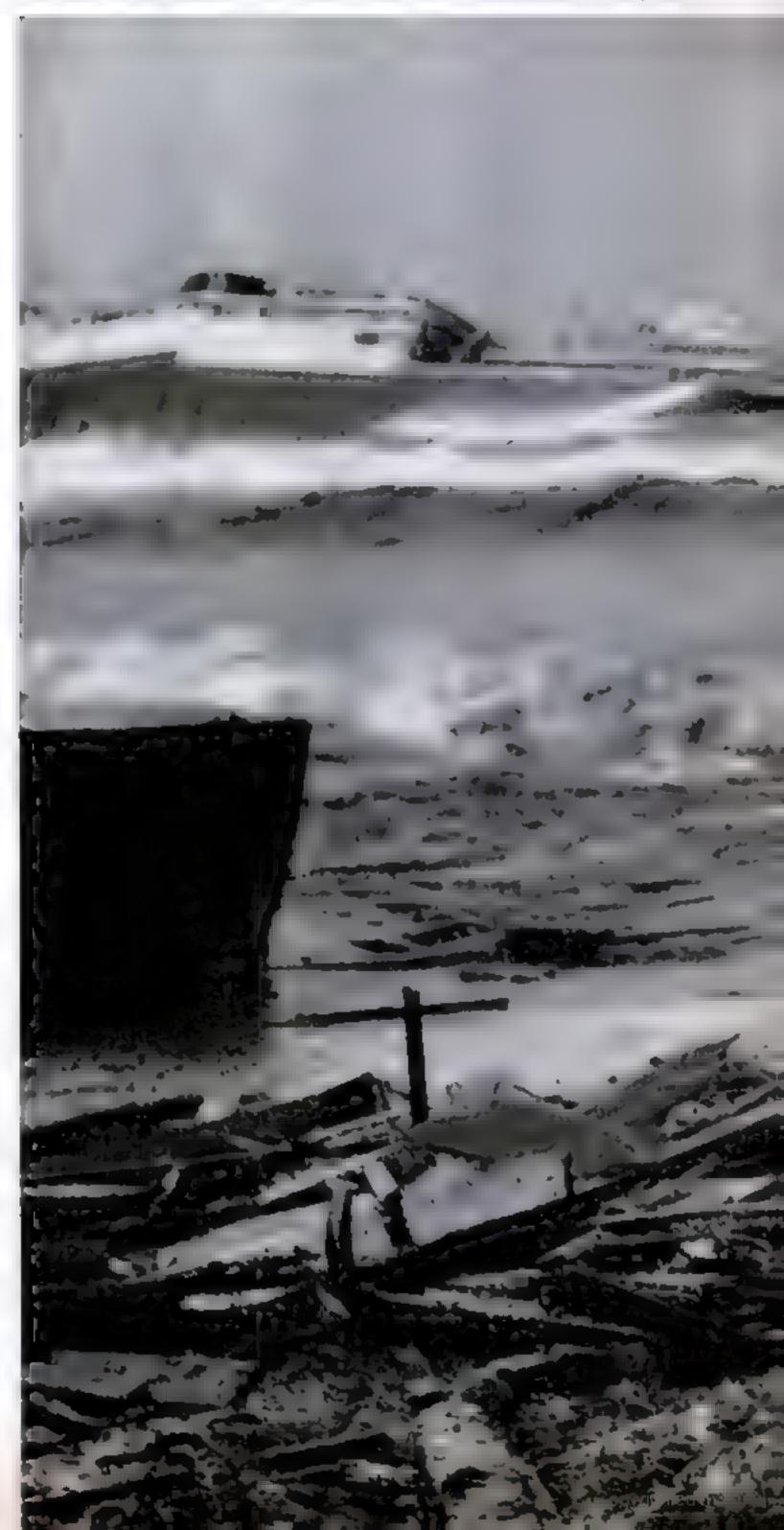
VALIANT RESCUES

Two-day struggle saves most aboard French liner

As the 12,500-ton French liner Champollion, the eastern Mediterranean's bast known accury stop, coursed in a gasty serite ward Berrut, Lebanon, early rising passenger—thought something was odd about the ship's course. Instead of healing north to the Berrut barber the slip was steaming the east. Suidenly there was a scraping and a sive—building as the Champothon ran agreed a quarter of a man effshire.

The Lil passet gers and 212-main crew, the near shore as be caken off. In a large sing and the for to risk swimming through the suit breaded on the Caumparames sharply astrop deck. Ashore, breme tree Besul's aspert Tabaresi list runa and Palestmans trem hearby refugie camps led furthe attempts to acaen the Champadie, with small boats. All day long the boats were forced back or capsized. By next morning, fearing

HIS COAT OF OIL MAKING HIM LOOK LIKE GREEK WARRIOR'S STATUE, ONE



IN A RAGING SURF

beached quarter of a mile off the Lebanese coast

the decks in the collapse the hull had already split open the ship's capton advised those who could swim to try " a land, but set out, but teen dud, but en against the rocks in the violent, oil covered waters,

Later hat morning with a British truser standing by to lessen the wind's for a wharbor boat made it to the Champollion. As the shoreline erowd, now zrown a 25,000, alternately grouned and cheerest, it took off to be by loads of successors. A smaller boat brought in the rest, and by might of the step was cleared.

With the last control Country polition breaking up, Berrut bazzed with run ors as a the cause of the wreck. The most plausible explanation was that in the sormy theak iess the new beacon at Berrut's airport might have been in scaken for the familiar light as the entrance to the harbor.



STRAINING FISHERMEN PULL BOAT WHICH FAILED TO TAKE LINE TO SHIP

OF PASSENGERS WHO SWAM ASHORE IS HELPED ACROSS TANGLED FLOTSAM ON THE BEACH BY THREE LEBANESE FIREMEN CRACK IN SHIP'S HULL SHOWS CLEARLY



Florsheim Quality...



for over 60 years



America's standard

of fine shoe value





Since 1892 the name Florsheim has stood for the finest in shoe quality—choice premium calfskins; skilled, patient craftsmanship; lasts and styles to meet every possible individual requirement. Why not make your next pair of shoes a pair of Florsheims—and get on the quality standard—America's standard of fine shoe value.

\$1795 and higher



The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Shipwreck continues



TWO SURVIVORS, Egyptian statues which stood at head of stairs in first class passengers' hallway, stand forlornly on beach near the sea, calm now three days after the wreck. Liner was named for great French scholar Jean-François Champollion who, in 1822, deciphered hieroglyphica on famous Rosetta Stone and found key to Egypt's ancient monuments and civilization.





Not a shadow of a doubt with Kotex

-with Kotex you get absorbency that doesn't fail: the trustworthy kind of protection you need, for safety, for comfort, and a fresh, dainty feeling.

-and only Kotex of all leading napkins has flat, pressed ends. So there's no revealing outline.

-best of all, this pad is made to stay soft while wearing-to retain its fit and comfort for hours. No wonder Kotex is America's first choice in napkins ... very personally yours.



More women choose Kotex* than all other sanitary napkins

Not a shadow of a doubt when Toni Owen turns her talent for separates to imported Scottish tweeds. Above -a brief jacket with versatile cardigan neckline; a free and easy skirt. Both : lush oatmeal beige.

World's Newest DOWERS BULETS GREETEST



Then-Now-



HERE you see pictured the Golden Anniversary ROADMASTER—engineered, styled, powered and bodied to be fully worthy of its paragon role in this fiftieth year of Buick building.

A quick listing of simple facts will reveal just cause for celebration.

It has the world's newest V8 engine.

l'ertical valves; 12-volt electrical system; 180 pounds lighter; entire engine is so compact, a new, more maneuverable chassis has been built around it.

* It has 188 Fireball horsepower.

1 new Buick record; engine horsepower per pound increased 40%.

* It has a compression ratio of 8.5 to 1.

Highest compression on the American scene today; bettered fuel economy.

* It has a dynamic-flow muffler.

For the first time in automotive history, a muffler with zero power loss.

tt has a new Twin-Turbine Dynaflow Drive.

Now adds for swifter, quieter, more efficient getaway to infinite smoothness at all speed ranges.

* It has new braking power.

Most powerful braking action of any Buick in fifty years; plus the new ease of Power Brakes, optional at extra cost.

* It has a still finer ride.

The softest, steadiest, most buoyantly level ride that Buick's advanced engineering has yet produced.

It has, also, wondrous handling ease, with Power Steering as standard equipment. It has superb comfort. It has sumptuous fabrics and tailoring. And its acoustics are so thoroughly mastered that it may well be one of the world's most quiet cars.

But no listing of facts can do true justice to this phenomenal automobile, or to its brilliant brothers, the 1953 Supers and Specials.

And no words can really tell you the beauty you see, the comfort you feel, the excitement you experience—when you look at and drive any one of these big, beautiful, bounteons Buicks for 1953.

Will you come in and see for yourself that these are, in simple truth, Buick's greatest cars in five brilliant decades?

Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.

Television treat—the BUICK CIRCUS HOUR—every fourth Tuesday.

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

DISPLAY AT YOUR BUICK DEALER'S

omorrow





is worth a thousand pictures—

Spaghetti and Meat Balls-Hunt Style

ONE taste? Mother, your family will never stop with one taste of this flavory, savory dish!...

So give 'em BIG servings! They'll love it — down to the last drop of rich, flavory sauce!

The recipe's easy. And low in cost, for Hunt's Tomato Sauce costs but a few cents a can. Get a few cans and try it!

1/4 cup chapped anion I clove garlie, minced 4 thep. oil or drippings

Lightly brown onion and garlic in hot oil. Then take:

I ib. ground beef I top. sait
Add salt to meat, mix lightly. Form into

small balls and brown in pan with oil. Then add:

1 can Hunt's Tomoto Soven 1/4 tsp. popper 1 cup water 2 tsp. Worcestershire nauce

Cover pan and simmer 40 minutes, Pour over hot spaghetti (8-oz, pkg.) and sprinkle with grated cheese. Serves 4.

When you add Hunt's Tomato Sauce to your recipes, it's like doubling your cooking skill. Bright new flavor — new family enjoyment of your dishes. Add Hunt's to meat loaf, casseroles, stews, fish, leftovers! Costs but a few cents a can.



Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Colif.



SEVEN NEW MOTHERS WITH BASIES WAIT OUTSIDE OLD HOSPITAL FOR AMBULANCES TO CARRY THEM TO NEW ONE. BASIES ARE 12 HOURS TO FIVE DAYS OLD

MOVING DAY FOR A HOSPITAL

Moving day for the Tuscaloosa, Ala. hospital was an exciting event—leaving the old Army building it occupied for a \$3.3 million plant. But it was also a tricky business. The 77 patients—14 mothers with new babies, three persons in casts and traction splints—had to be carted two miles to the new hospital, along with 10 oxygen tents, \$9,000 worth of drugs, 250 bedpans and 5 rabbits used for pregnancy

tests. While keeping an eye on all moving objects, the staff kept both hospitals running. At the last minute, with the blood supply dwindling, the doctors had to perform an emergency operation. But donors appeared and the job was done. Then the operating room lights were ripped out and taken to the new hospital where the doctors were already busy on cases that would not wait for everything to be moved.



Even A Snowman's Better Than No Man!







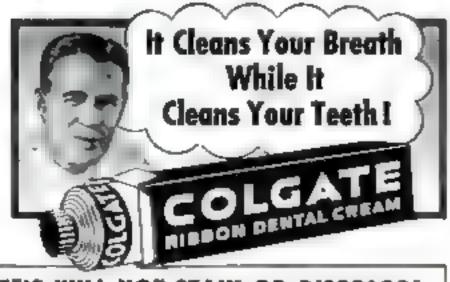




Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS TOOTH DECAY!

Colgate Dental Cream instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

Hospital Moving CONTINUED



DISAPPOINTED DISCHARGEE was well enough to go home instead of to new hospital. "I'd like to stay," she said, "but I have children at home."



LAST OPERATION in old hospital, an emergency hysterectomy, had to be performed after most equipment had already been moved to new building.



LIGHTS GO OUT of old operating room to be put in new one. Most equipment was moved safely but one intricate tissue-slicing machine got out of kilter.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS TOP ALL OTHERS



Better by Far for EVERY CAR Regardless of Make or Year





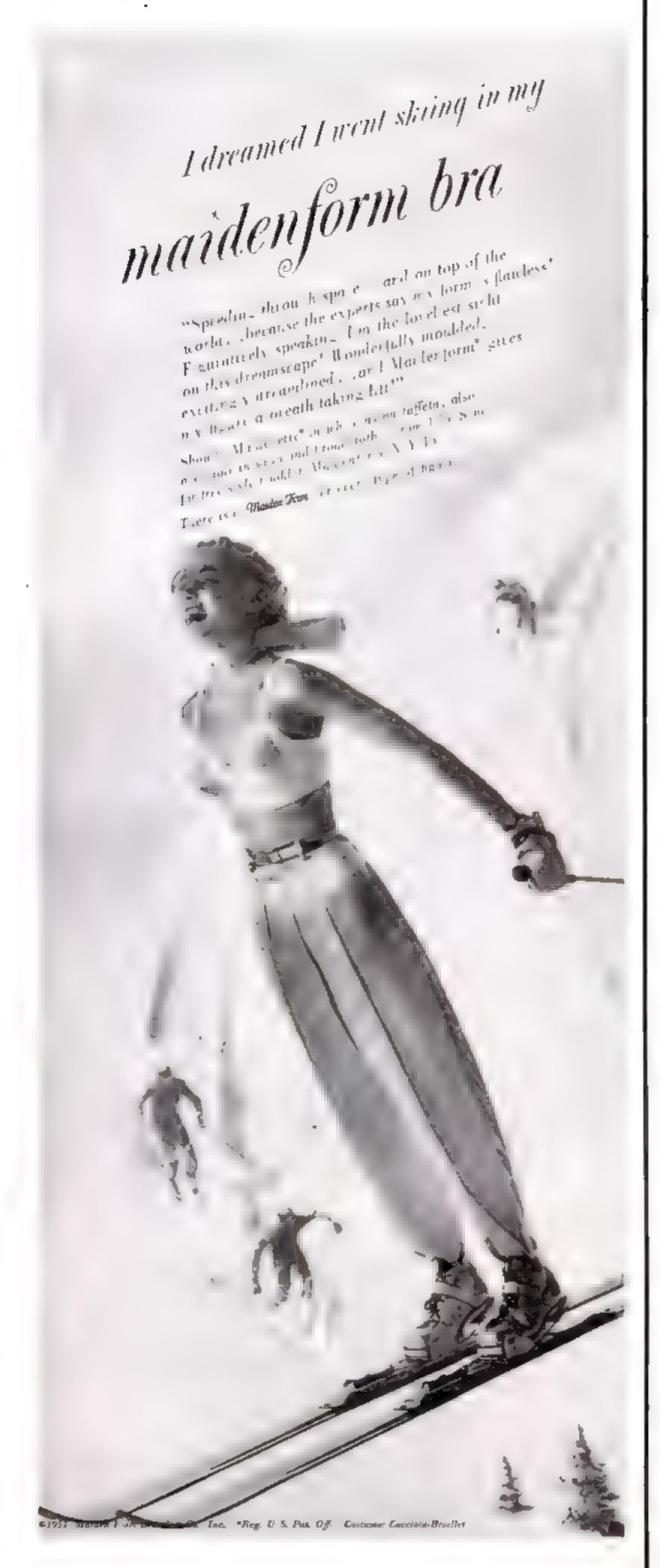
TELEPHONE SWITCH was rushed to keep communication going inside hospitals. The 58 phones were carried out of hospital by litter, like patients.



EMPTY BASSINETS in nursery of old hospital are given a final look by watchman who staved on alone to guard pieces of equipment not yet moved.



FIRST BABY in new hospital, born 18 hours after it opened, is footprinted to prevent any mixup with other infants. Father looks on through glass wall,





HATS ETC MR JOHN N



News: the Weathervane halter top that makes a costume of your suit, \$8.95.

The double-collar suit, \$25.->

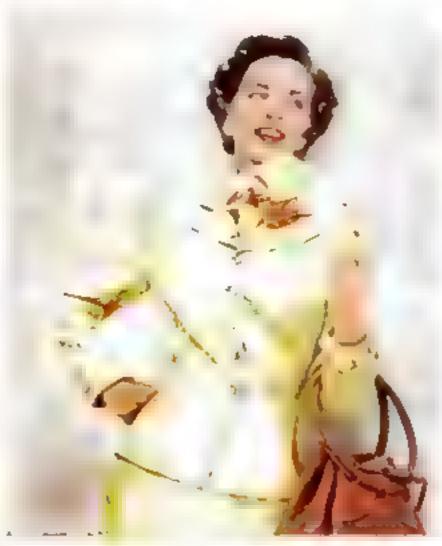
Weathervane's stay-crisp Celanese acetate fabric comes in 17 exciting new colors. Misses', junior or Proportioned Plus sizes, one of which is sure to be your size.

WHOEVER SHE IS, WHEREVER SHE GOES, SHE'S WELL-DRESSED IN A WEATHERVANE®



The beautifully detailed, twice-piped suit, \$30.

The versatile arc-pocket suit, \$25.



More women have come back for another Weathervane than any other suit. Why? They like the superb fit. The expensively tailored details. And the astonishing fact that all this great good taste can be had for just *25 and *30!

There's only one Weathervane and it's tailored by homeonet

At one fine store in your city, or write Handmacher-Vogel Inc., Dept. L1, 533 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 18.



RADIANT RINK

Neon tubes embedded in stage give ice show a sunset glow These skaters, festooned over a giant rainbow-colored gridiron are part of a new kind of show in a new kind of setting. The show, which opened two weeks ago at New York's famous Roxy Theater, is the first grand scale ice ex travaganza to be given along with a regular movie program. To create the new setting, rows of neon tubing were embedded just below the surface of the ice. As the tubes flash on

and off in different colors, the ice gives off a diffused radiance which makes the skaters look as if they are skimming through a sunset

In the ballet above, part of an hour-long ice show, the stage is augmented by seven icy pedestals upon which the ballerinas pirouette precariously. Boy and girl in the center spotlight are Tony Le Mac and Jo Barnum. She is the great-granddaughter of the great P. T. Barnum.



As distinguished in performance as in appearance, with Full Power Steering, Power Braking and the World's Most Powerful Engine Design!

Sistinguished De Solo



It's the most beautiful De Soto ever built. Every line, every curve, every detail is new, from airvent hood to jet tail lights,

from one-piece curved windshield to sweep-around rear window.

Sensational Power

Expect incomparable performance, whether you choose the mighty 160 h. p. Fire Dome V-8 or the economical De Soto Powermaster Six.

Full Power Steering

Here's the most wonderful car improvement since the self-starter. Makes driving safer, easier under all conditions. And it makes parking as easy as dialing a telephone.

No-Shift Driving

This De Soto offers effortless No-Shift Driving — Power Braking — Oriflow Shock Absorbers — Safety-Rim Wheels—Chair-High Seats—dozens of other outstanding features.

Now on Display

This beautiful new De Soto is now on display at your De Soto dealer's. See and drive it soon. It will be an unforgettable experience.

De Soto Division, Chrysler Corp.







DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH Dealers present GROUCHO MARX in "You Bet Your Life" every week on both RADIO and TELEVISION . . . NBC networks





ST OVER MOTIONLESS FACE OF HER MOTHER, KILLED BY A GERMAN MACHINE GUN

A CHILDISH GAME WITH DEATH

A pictorially poignant French film recounts tragedy of two war-torn waifs

A remarkable French movie, Forbidden Games, starts with a violent page of history: the straing of a column of refugees by German planes in 1940. Suddenly it narrows down to the bewilderment and terror of one little girl, orphaned by bullets, wandering aimlessly with a dead dog in her arms. She comes to live with a family of tobacco-roadish peasants "beplays with their young son, but since there is no one in the class of wartime to tell them what to play at, they create their own sames horrible ones. They develop a passion for collecting the corpse- of an mals and burying them as so many humans are being buried around them.

Pushing blithely on to blasphemy, they ransack the church and even the village graveyard for crosses to put up in their own private ceme erv. The games end in tragedy when the children are parted by their strocked elders. Masterful photography creates scene after scene of great partorial poignancy. And the two stars, Brigitte Fossey, aged 5, and Go reas Poujouly, 11 neither of whom ever acted before play their roles with such heartbreaking sincerity that the film is raised to the stature of a noble outery against the wanton waste of war. It has just won the New York Film Critics award as the best foreign language picture of 1952.

HEARTBREAK comes to the little girl when her pet dog, which is the creature -> nearest to her heart, hes dead in her arms, another victim of the German -trafing.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



OUTSHAVES ANY LATHER OR BRUSHLESS CREAM





RAPID-SHAVE outshaves any old-fashioned lather or brushless cream—because no lather or brushless gives you all these big advantages!

QUICKER AND EASIER! Just press the button and-

whish-instant lather! Richest, thickest, creamiest lather you've ever known!

YAKES THE FIGHT OUT OF WHISKERS IN SECONDS! Yet with all its advantages over old-fashioned lather and brushless creams, it's only 79¢ a can. For the shave of your life – get RAPIO-SHAVE today!





ead to begin to think how they can beautity their own private graveyard,



SCHEMING as they kneel at church funeral services, the two look over all the ornaments of the church which they plan to make use of in the future.





CLIMBING on the altar itself to steal crucifix at a moment when priest's back is turned, the boy is unaware of the enormity of what he is committing.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



80 or 100 Proof - Made from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits - Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., Inc., Hartford, Conn.,

Advertisement



AMBER-EYED, ash-blonde, spirited, Mrs. Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr. of New York and Long Island is a delightful subject for hair stylist Jungst of the Madison. His flair is for an easy naturalness—with a difference.

Society Hair Stylist JUNGST



of the Madison, master of distinguished simplicity, says:

"This 'babying' shampoo is my choice for thrillingly beautiful Hair-dos. It is Conti Shampoo, rich in the world's tenderest cleansing ingredient for the hair."

MAIR IS OUTGROWTH OF SKIN. Treat it tenderly as you treat the skin of your face—of new-born baby. Basic ingredient of Conti shampoo is same as used in famed Conti olive oil Castile soap esteemed for baby skin care. Same as used in beloved Conti Baby Oil, Conti Baby Powder. Brilliantly compounded for the special needs of hair, Conti "babying" shampoo gets in and out of hair quickly, washes out completely. Leaves hair just right for obedient hair-dos. Pure. Safe. Conti cannot cause drying of hair or scalp.





IMPORTED. From renowned olive presses of sunny Mediterranean shores comes the pure olive oil used in Conti shampoo. A natural oil for your hair's natural loveliness.

bubble lather gets into greasy hair freely. Slips out as easily. Speedy, Tender, Good to hair. Wash hair as often as you like with "babying" Conti shampoo. Economical. Only 49 cents, regular size, 89 cents family size.



PAST BRALL-BURGLE LATHER TELLS YOU CONTI IS SAFE

Advertisement

'FORBIDDEN GAMES' CONTROLLED



BRIGITTE HAPPY smiles as she discovers that she can come to live in same house as her new found friend, the peasant boy.



BRIGITTE FLIRTING gives a softly appealing look to her friend while she inspires him to embark on his career of stealing crucifixes for their graves.



BRIGITTE SOBBING is separated from the boy she loves dearly, and is left desperate and lonely in a lost children's center.

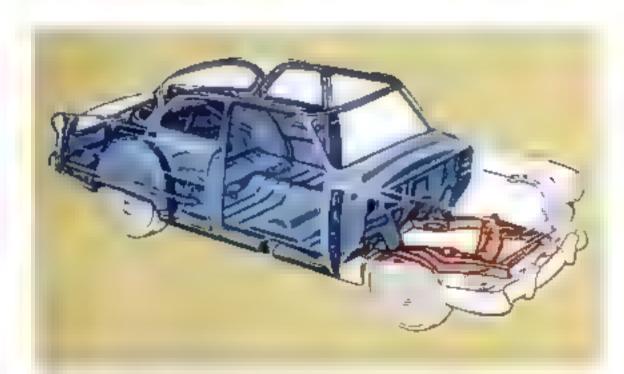
Again for '53...

FORDS OUT Front

with the new STANDARD of the AMERICAN ROAD



And with 41 "Worth More" features, it's worth more when you buy



Hull-Tight Construction and K-Bar reinforced box section frame give Ford top strength for weight. You ride in dust-free, draft free comfort in a car that's designed to stay "tight" for years to come. And this Ford will keep looking young for many seasons, thanks to Ford's baked enamel finish.



Shift to Fordomatic and you'll never shift again. It's the finest, most versatile of the Automatic drives. And remember only Ford in its field lets you choose between Fordomatic, Overdrive or Conventional Drive.



New Miracle Ride... NOT JUST NEW, MORESPONSIVE SPRINGS AND "SHOCKS," NO JUST FOAM RUBBER CUSHIONS. HERE'S A CORPLETELY BALANCED RIDE THAT GIVES YOUNG AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPT OF COMFORM

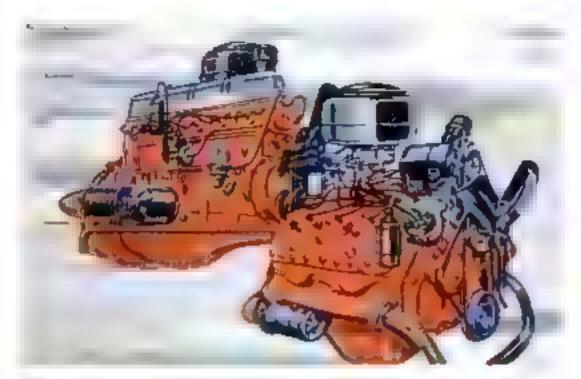


Now's the time for

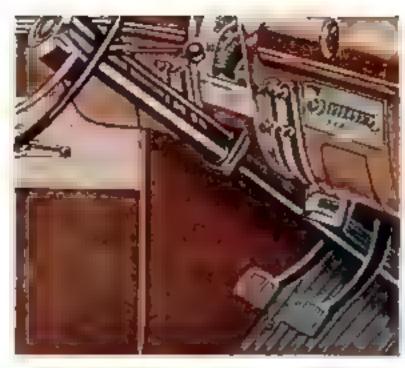
Look out below! Here come three good reasons for economy, and what better way to baby your food budget than to serve Jell-O gelatin desserts! SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS

Copt., 1868, General Ponda Carp.

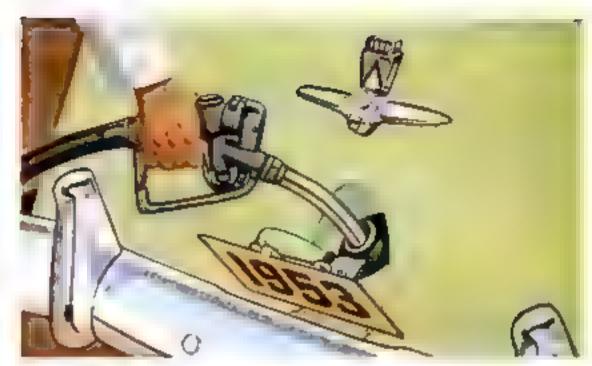
ELN-O IS A REGISTERED TRADÉ MARK OF GÉNÉRAL FODOS CÓMPORATION-



The one V-8 in its field is the Ford V-8. You get top "Go" per gallon because its Automatic Power Pilot squeezes high-compression power from regular gas. You'll find this feature, too, in Ford's 101-h.p. Mileage Maker Six.



Power Pivot Pedals are suspended from above to work easier and eliminate drafty floor holes . . . to give you increased foot room. Only Ford, in its field, has them.



Center-Fill Fueling prevents hose marks from marring the finish of your car . . . eliminates gas spilling on fenders. It also makes filling up easy from either side of gas pump. And the shorter fill pipe gives more luggage space in trunk.







Counterbalancing Space Saver Hinges lift the deck hid when you turn the key. Space Saver hinge design also helps give Ford the most trunk space in its field. The hood, too, is counterbalanced to open automatically and stay open till it's closed.

Never before in history were the demands on a car so great! You "live" more in your car...so you need more living room (and luggage space). You drive greater distances...so you need a car with lots of "Go"... yet one that's light on gas.

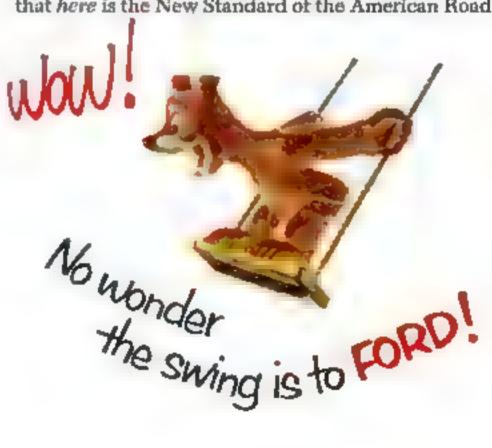
Good roads are better, bad roads are worse. So you want riding qualities that set an entirely new standard of smoothness on all roads.

In today's fast-flowing traffic, you need a car that really lets you see everything that's going on around you . . . a car with almost effortless steering, braking and parking.

And, of course, you want the style-setter . . . a car that belongs wherever you may drive.

YOU NEED AND WANT FOR SO LITTLE MONEY.

See the big '53 Ford. Value Check its 41 "Worth More" features. Test Drive the '53 Ford. You'll agree that here is the New Standard of the American Road!



"Soaping" dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinsing needed. Halo does not dry . . . does not irritate!

Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!

HALO

CHESATE



FORGER IN CHURCH points to his frescoes on walls of nave. Basing his work on a fragment of

authentic Gothic mural in church, he added an array of saints, animals, scenes from Acsop's fables.



FORGED MURALS represent angel (center) announcing the birth of Christ to baloed shepherds.

FRESCO FAKER

German forges Gothic church art

In 1951 the German city of Lübeck unveiled what some critics called the greatest art discovery of the century—a series of 13th Century frescoes which had been uncovered during restoration work on its war-bombed church. So important was the discovery that a book was published about the frescoes, they were reproduced on a stamp and experts came from all over to examine the paintings.

Recently a new art discovery was made in Lübeck. A local painter, Lothar Malskat, revealed that the frescoes were forgeries and that he had done them. Hired with his partner to help restore the church, Malskat covered the walls with his own "Gothic" murals. When his partner walked away with all the praise and most of the pay for the "restoration" job, Malskat confessed. Both artists are now awaiting trial while church officials maintain a glum silence.



STAMP reproducing frescoes' shepherds was issued to commemorate 700th anniversary of church.



GUESTS WHISPERING ABOUT YOUR PARTIES?



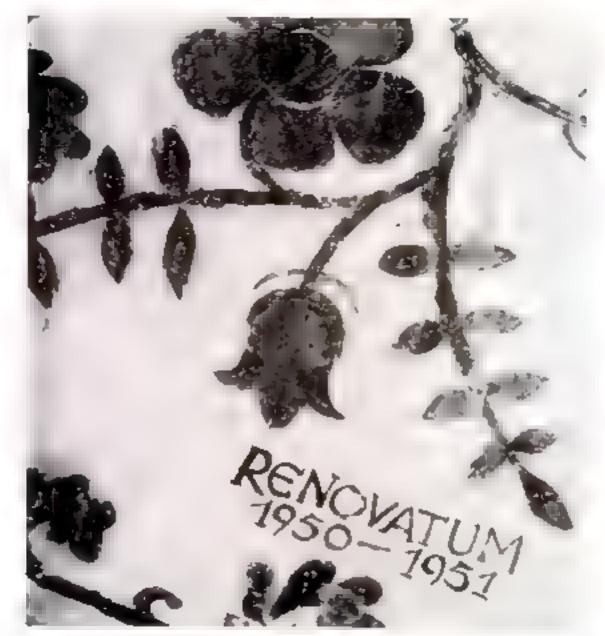
HEXT TIME SERVE KING —IT'S THE BLEND THAT TASTES THE BEST!



FOR SMOOTHER, MILDER, LIGHTER DRINKS STEP UP TO THE KING OF BLENDS!

BLENDED WHISKY. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD, 371/19% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 621/19% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 85 PROOF. BROWN FORMAN DISTILLERS CORP. AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY.

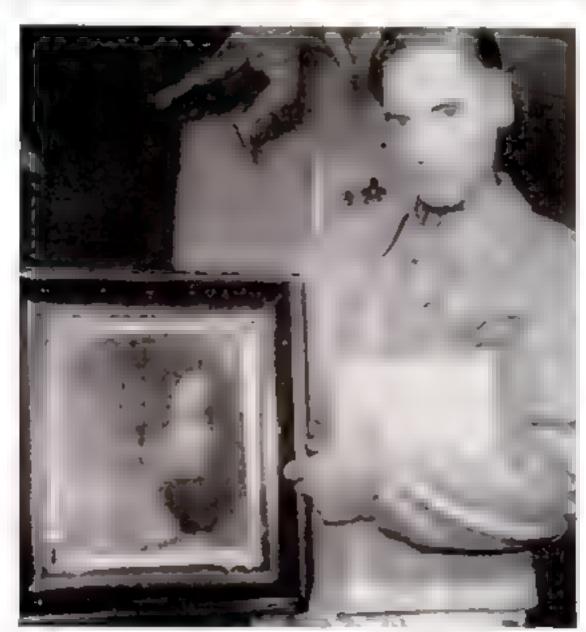
Fresco Faker CONTINUED



LATIN INSCRIPTION was painted by Malakat to indicate that the restoration of the "Gothic" (rescoes was undertaken in 1950 and completed in 1951. Lively pattern of flowers and animals was invented by the artist to decorate the vaulted ceiling.



AT ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION Prince Louis Ferdinand of Hohen-zollern, Kaiser's grandson, congratulated citizens on their "ancient" frescoes,

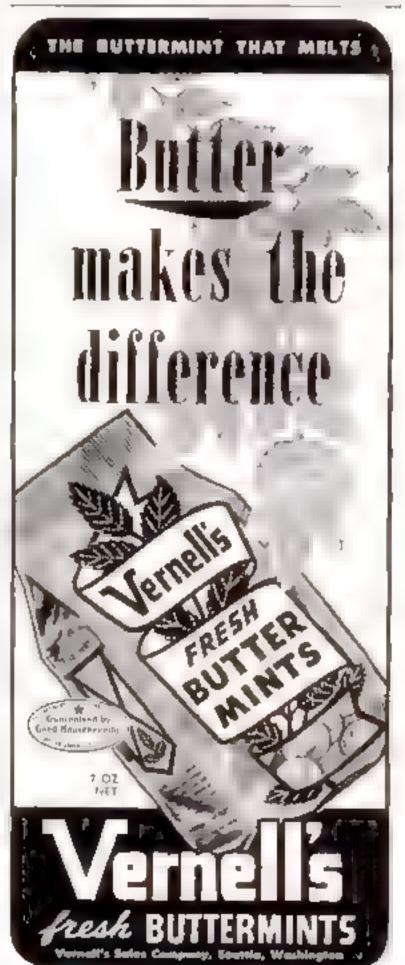


ANOTHER FORGERY "in style of Degas" is held by Malskat in his studio. He boasted he had pointed and sold 600 "old masters" to get even with art collectors who wouldn't buy his own work. "They wanted names, so I gave them what they wanted."



"GOOD MORNING, MR. BROWN,
JOHNNY INVITED ME OVER FOR
SOUP FOR LUNCH!"

19 193 CAMPRELL SOUP COMPANY



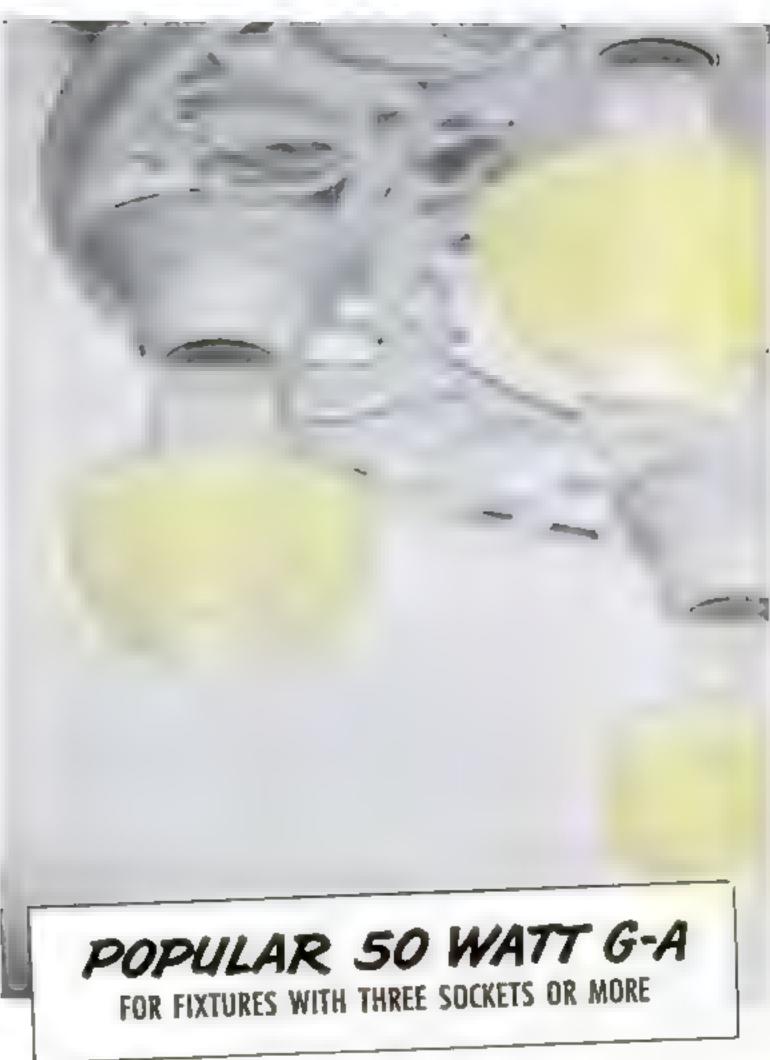
One of America's Loading Condy Confections AT SUPERMARKETS, DRUG AND DEPT. STORES



Now in two sizes.

SPECIAL LAMP BULB DESIGNED BY G.E. FOR "BARE-BULB" CEILING FIXTURES





OVER two years ago General Electric set out to do something about the barsh, bare-bulb look of multiple-socket ceiling fixtures.

We designed a special 50-watt lamp bulb that has brought new heauty to old fixtures in thousands of homes. Now it's available in the 100-watt size too, for use in one and two-socket fixtures.

The new and different "mushroom" shape of the General Electric 50 and 100-watt G-A bulbs directs

most of the light upward for a soft indirect lighting effect. And the downward light is mellowed by an ivory enamel coating to flatter you . . . and your furnishings.

Try General Electric "G-A" lamp bulbs to modernize your living room, dining room, hall and bedroom ceiling fixtures. And they're ideally suited for apartments, botels, restaurants and clubs.

100-WATT SIZE 60¢ 50-WATT SIZE 40¢

50 and G-A Instance in the ing war.

Unstance I voting war.

HOW THE 50 AND 100-WATT G-A BULBS WORK:

Inside frosted portion sheds light on ceiling.

Ivory enamel "coating" mellows downward light,

Unshaded spot adds attractive sparkle.

You can put your confidence in-





BRIGHT PANTS are worn in Italian style with a long T-shirt by Pucci, who also sells the shoes in unmatched pairs. Sweater will be imported for \$20 and slacks copied for \$30 by Lord & Taylor.

For Now and Next Summer

NEW U.S. AND EUROPEAN STYLES HIT BEACH IN MAJORCA

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY MILTON GREENE

Once as exotic as the pomegranate, resorts like the West Indies are now within reach of junketing secretaries, and even Capri has become a household word in America. One outpost, largely ignored by tourists, is the island of Majorca, 120 miles off Spain, where scenic beauty and low prices (\$6 a day with meals at a deluxe hotel) attract travelers and migratory residents from western Europe. Visitors keep up an international babble in the island's cafes and parade a kaleidoscopic array of international styles on its rocky beaches. On these pages, against Majorcan backgrounds, are

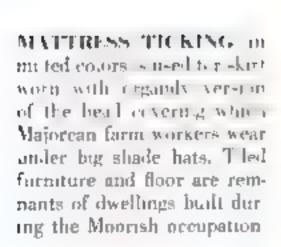
new winter resort clothes from France, Spain, Italy and also the U.S.

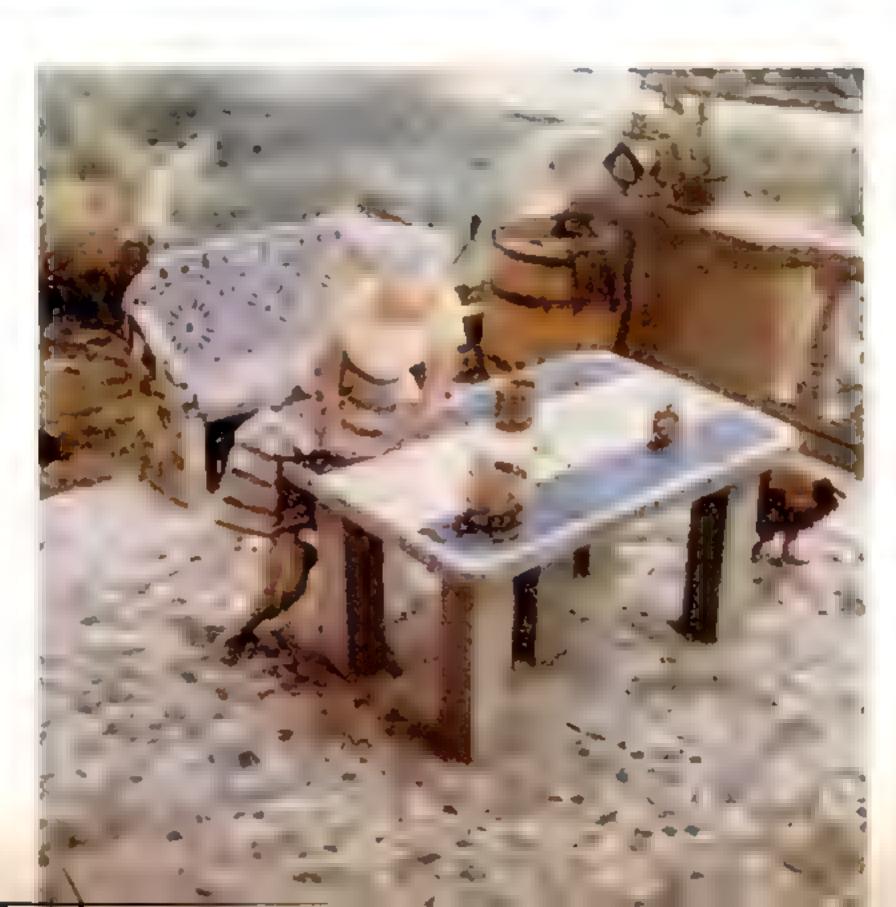
This winter's vacation clothes are generally more restrained than last year's, but they sometimes break away from favored whites and neutral colors with a glaring combination (above). Pedal pushers and tapered pants have given way to full-length slacks, crisply tailored and worn with a variety of tops. For vacationers who seek sunshine during the summer months and find it in Michigan instead of Majorca, facsimiles of these fashious will soon be turning up in the U.S. in all price brackets.

RESORT FASHIONS CONTINUED



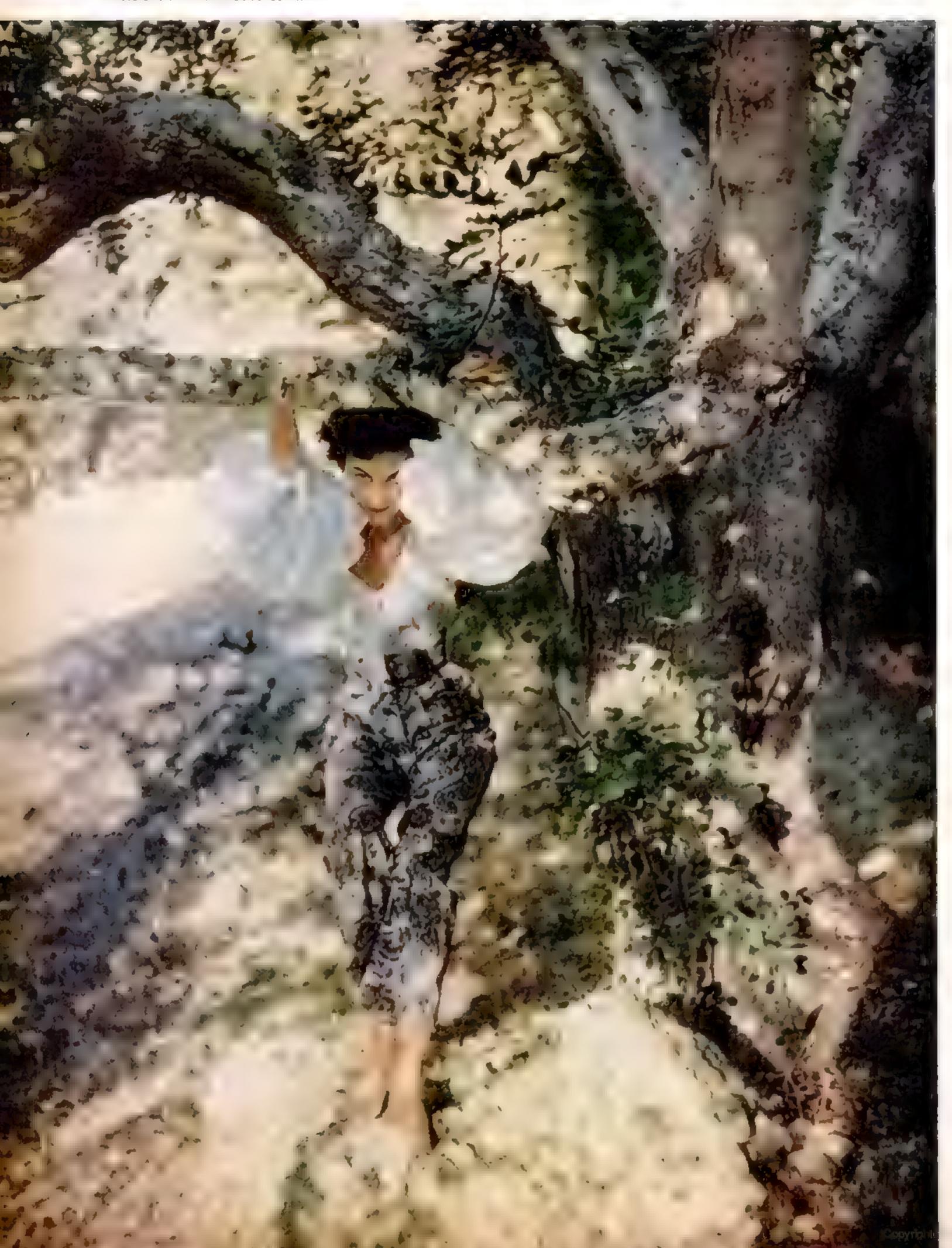
loomed by Madrid's Figure Fisch (\$18) is worn with less necked sweater to make afternoon outfit. Swansdown's U.S. copy in same coloring will est \$15. Design on the best cortained sources indicates that map seles wine

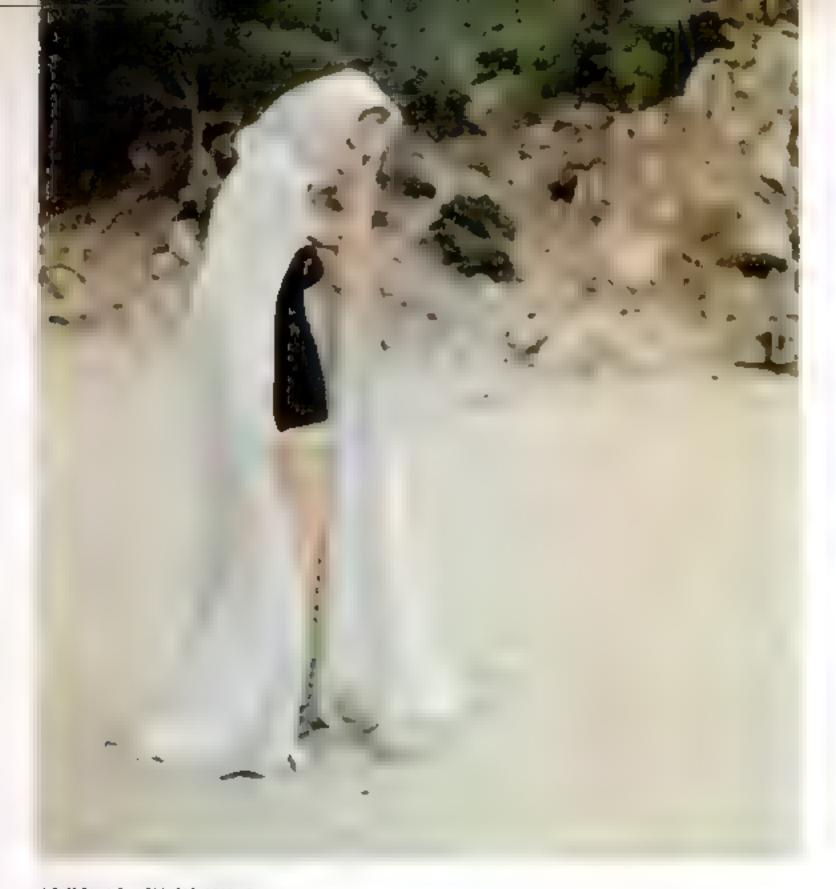






NATIVE FABRIC, a white striped coarse material used for wheat sacks, is made up into two-piece sports dress. Outfit will be copied in denim (Saks Fifth Avenue, \$30). The mosaic walls and pillars are part of 13th Century ruins excavated near Palma.





blopaque to leptue so chaggy dug dispersion by Puccesto It dv sizary beautiful gear has cauge tion at Laf. L.S. and haropean resorts

AFRICAN BURNOOSE of worn by Aral's and Moore has been copped in French word (\$200) for Sobiaparel a's distorners. Shown over in elis ared Jantzu on again to a market be used of Marall on about the used and a Marall on as a large of the second



of printed cotton and theils to use (Korlay, S.) age to very visit we style for the trust the saturated here by garrent S. Janus broad to manner and along Mediterranean coast.

short Brach COAL to be go in white stand be may Given the is an interest on error other than a section of the color about \$10 \text{ At Bons that of the this swingle standard of the third standard of the



FRILLY SHIRT in piqué and corduroy pants (Carolyn Schnurer, \$35) are copied from bullfighter clothes and are worn with red espadrilles which cost 22¢ in local fishing villages. This typically tidy rural Majorcan cottage has well in the living room.



GAUDY STRIPES in Ital ian colors are used by Capra's Emilio for two-piece Shantung dress (\$130), a more acceptable outfit than slacks in most foreign resort towns. This is one of Palma's 150 straw accessory shops where \$1 will buy almost any item.

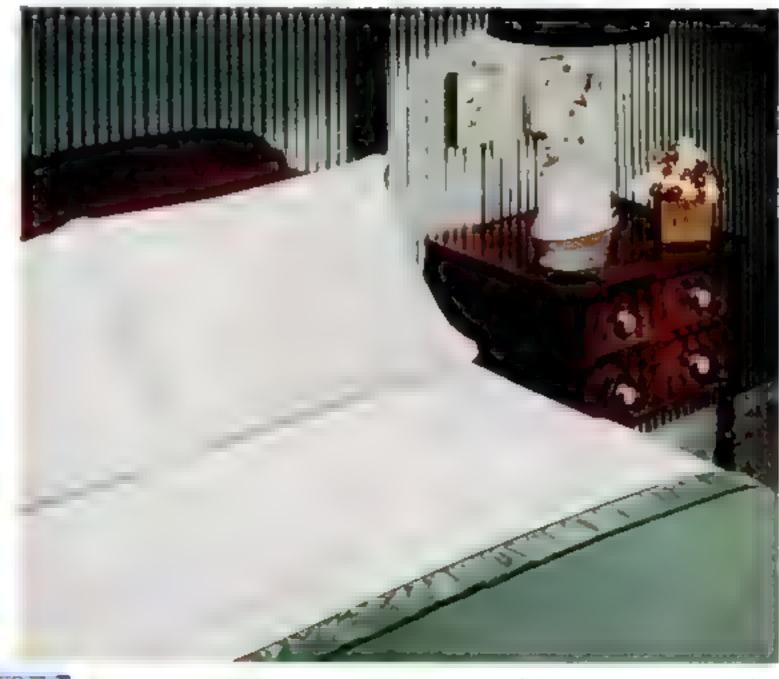
DOTTED SHAWL is traditionally worn mantilla-style over a high comb. In its new sportswear use it is normally worn over a white shirt. It is called madronero in Spain because balls resemble edible berries of the madrona tree. Spanish price is \$10.



The best-dressed beds wear CANNON percales!

(and they're not expensive at all!)





Smart fashion colors! 6 to choose from!

There's a Cannon color that's more becoming to you- and your bed Choose your sleepy-time color from 6 smart fashion shades (see chart at right) or classic white. And rest content, milady-for the colors last ! Cannon Percale Sheets are colorfast, as approved by the American Institute of Laundering.



Cannon Combspun* percales! Budget-priced!

These are luxuriously smooth, downy-soft sheets. And sturdy, too-because they're Cannon Combspun Percales. The cotton is combed till only longest, strongest fibers remain. Yet these sleeping beauties cost only a few pennies more than heavy-duty muslin sheets.

◆H: g. 3 St. Dat. 138



Perfect fit—Cannon Fitted Sheets!

For trimly dressed beds, get Cannon Fitted Sheets, in white or colors, twin or double sizes. They slip over your mattress, stay smooth without a wrinkle, cut bedmaking time in half Permanent fit residual shrinkage less than 1%.



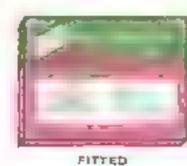


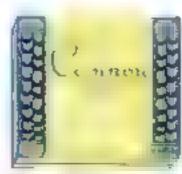
Inspiration! Make thrifty ensembles with sheets!

Make vanity skirts, curtains, dusters with Cannon Percales. It actually costs you less than with comparable fabric by the yard. For patterns, sewing tips, ideas valure, get Cannon's color-illustrated booklet, "Make it with Sheets!" Send 10¢. with your name and address, to Cannon Mills, Inc., Box 1, Brooklyn, N. Y.

More women use Cannon Percales than any other brand!







REGULAR



RESORT FASHIONS CONTINUED



MAJORCAN FISHING VILLAGE of Andraitx is background for sailing outfit also shown on Life's cover. Designed by Frenchman Hubert de Givenchy, it is worn here by 20-year-old English model, Fiona Walter, will be copied in striped denim and cotton gabardine by U.S. firm of Korday (\$13).

TRAVELERS ARE ALWAYS REDISCOVERING MAJORCA

The first tourists to discover the Mediterranean island of Majorca arrived some time in the Bronze Age and, like tourists ever since, decided never to go back home. For thousands of years thereafter, one war followed another as fresh waves of visitors and the old settlers fought like jealous lovers to possess this sea- and sun-kissed paradise, which is scarcely bigger than Rhode Island. By turns it was held by the Iberians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals and Moors before James I of Aragon took title for Spain in 1229.

Lately wars have taken to by-passing Majorca but the tourists have never stopped rediscovering it. Two of its most famous discoverers were Chopin and his mistress, George Sand. Wintering there in 1838, they left a faint perfume of scandal, now become a cherished memory, at Valldemosa where their whitewashed cells in the Carthu-

sian monastery are preserved as tourist exhibits.

Majorca's latest wave of discoverers has come from the U.S. Following both wealthy Europeans and South Americans and thrifty English vacationers who must make a \$70 travel allowance provide for a two-week holiday, Americans have found a place where the dollar is still a powerful coin. Flying from Paris in four hours or sailing overnight by boat from Barcelona, they find themselves putting up in spotlessly clean pensions for as little as \$1.50 or renting a villa for \$50 a month with a servant. For amusement, they have the choice of exploring a history fashioned by a dozen races, going to bullfights or open-air nightclubs by the sea or shopping for leather and textiles. The climate is so balmy that a long afternoon siesta becomes an easy habit, yet is so invigorating that even at 6 a.m., after finishing a seven-course dinner at midnight, a swim seems like a good idea. For the adventurous there are auto rides through the villages, the olive groves, and over the hairpin curves of the cliff roads in hired cars, few newer than a Peerless or a Maxwell and some powered by burning the hulls of almond nuts.

By the Majorcans, who speak the Catalan language and do not easily understand the tourists' phrase-book Spanish, Majorca's new discoverers are treated with a polite, incurious courtesy which is always restful and frequently baffling—especially when the tourist gets ready to leave. Majorcans are true believers in the mañana spirit and, having little regard for time itself, have even less for the hurry-up exigencies of steamship and airline schedules. Sometimes the tourist, sweating out the delays and red tape of obtaining a firm reservation to get away, comes to suspect that there is almost literal truth in the tourist's aphorism, "If you once go to Majorca, you'll never leave."



AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A

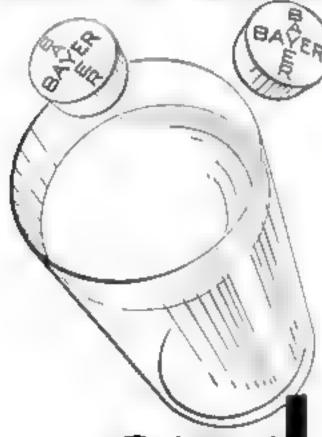








Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water





and feel better FAST!

HERE'S ADVICE about colds that we think your own doctor will tell you is sound and effective.

No matter how you try to stop or shorten a cold, the first thing to do—before you do anything else—is to take Bayer Aspirin.

You should do this because a cold is almost invariably accompanied by muscular aches and pains—and a headachy, feverish feeling. And for your own good, you need a medication that will relieve these distressing symptoms — and will relieve them quickly.

One reason why Bayer Aspirin tablets bring you this relief—and do it with amazing speed—is that they start disintegrating almost instantly.

This Bayer way of feeling better fast—tested and proved by millions—is now used by more men, women and children than ever before.

So don't experiment with a cold. Use Bayer Aspirin. And for sore throats due to colds, gargle three times daily with 3 Bayer Aspirin tablets dissolved in 1/3 of a glass of water. When you buy, always be sure to ask for Bayer Aspirin—not for "aspirin" alone.

NEW! FLAVORED Children's Size BAYER Aspirin!

Provides all the advantages for which genuine Bayer Aspirin is famous—and tastes so good, children willingly chew it, drink it dissolved in water or mix it with their food. Low price saves you money, too. 24 tablets cost only 154.

Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people without III effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine

BAYERASPIRIN



RAPPLY SINGING A LOVE LYRIC, SWEDEN'S ROMANTIC CROONER SNODDAS DISPLAYS THE EMOTIONAL INTENSITY WHICH ENTRANCES HIS MILLIONS OF FANS

Heartthrob for the Swedes

THEY ARE SWOONING OVER BUCKTOOTHED BALLADEER NAMED SNODDAS

The most popular singer and most familiar face in Sweden today is that of the popeyed, bucktoothed 25-year-old crooner above. His name is Gosta Nordgren, but to Swedish music fans in whose breasts he rouses romantic passions he is known more affectionately as Snoddas. A former fishmonger who liked to play bandy (a form of ice hockey), Gösta always snodde (whisked past) the ball, which won him the more immobile job of goalie and the nickname. Snoddas became a crooner last spring when, asked, to sing on a radio amateur hour, he murmured a ditty, Flottar-karlek (Lumberjack Love). Its refrain, "Haderianhadera..." (roughly

"tra-la-la-la-lera"), became almost a national anthem and, on a Snoddas record, helped to sell half a million copies.

Since then Snoddas, whose lack of any voice at all is regarded as the key to his success since it makes all Swedes identify themselves with him, has made a succession of hit records. Nearly half of Sweden's population has paid admission to hear him, and his face and signature are used to help sell a wide assortment of Swedish products. So solid is he in Sweden, in fact, that when Johnny Ray achieved a kind of fame there he soon became known as the American Snoddas.



THE YEAR'S MOST
EXCITING NEW IDEA
FOR MODERN LIVING!

Electric Wonderbar"

POUTABLE, SILENT REFRIGERETTE STYLED AS SMART FURNITURE



Serve icy dzinka right from your own easy chair! So handy while watching TV!



Silent as a Moonbeam!

Ideal for sickroom, nursery!

Saves so many steps!



Holds a Party Full! Chills sodas, mixers, beer, stucks!



Wheel it Outdoors! Enjoy it on perch or perio! Legs or casters optional.

Silently, it chills food and drinks! Freezes ice cubes! Rolls indoors or out! Serves as a refreshment center, a snack spot, a portable bar!

Ah! — Cold drinks, snacks and ice right at your elbow — in a sleek cabinet that's smart in any setting! It's the perfect gift — the perfect servant for entertaining, parties, family fun! Ideal for offices and boots, too!

Just plug it in! It's permanently silent! Freezing system carries 5-year warranty — has no moving parts to wear or become noisy. Spilled drinks can't mar it. Uses no more current than a lamp. AC or DC, 32 to 230 volts. Mahogany, blond, white. See it wherever fine appliances are sold.



The name to watch for great advances in REFRIGERATION and AIN COMMITTIONING GAS - ELECTRIC

SERVEL INC. Evansville 20, Indiana In Canada, Servet (Canada) Ud., 548 King St. W., Toranto, Distoria

SWEDISH HEARTTHROB CONTINUED



SNODDAS ON DISPLAY in window attracts young fans to a record store for his autograph. Five of his records have sold more than 500,000 copies each, but since Snoddas sings only in Swedish they have not sold in the U.S.



SNODDAS PRODUCTS include nail files, chocolates, elephants and toy effigies of himself, along with bandy clubs, and clothes which he here models. His name also helps sell Snoddas lemonade. Snoddas shirts, Snoddas sausages.



SNODDAS AUDIENCE flocks around flower-bearing crooner at an outdoor appearance. He is so popular that Swedish political parties tried to get him to appear for them but, Snoddas said, "I am standing above all parties."

"Best on the market says Mrs. D. F. Cochran, Cochranville, Pennsylvania Swans Down Angel Food Mix!



YOU MAKE PERFECT

ANGEL FOOD WITH EASE—

OR DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY BACK!

TRY IT! You'll agree with Mrs. Cochran and all the women who say Swans Down's the best angel food mix on the market!

Makes hearendy cake—light as a cloud, divinely moist and tender. You just add water and your favorite flavoring! It's so sure we easy, you can thrill your family by serving the Queen of Cakes" often! No need to wait for special occasions.

Begin today. Get the big red package—see how heavenly and luscious angel food mix can be, when it's Swans Down Angel Food Mix!



All Swans Down Mixes make Kissin' Cakes

with old-fashioned, home-baked goodness!

They're all complete mixes. Liquid is all you add. No extra cost for eggs! In just minutes, you'll make cakes so dreamy-delictors and line they'll win you kisses and praises.

Get Swans Down White Cake Mix for delicate feather-fine white cakes! And get Swans Down Devil's Food Mix for rich, moist chocolate cakes, the only mrx with extra-fuscious Walter Baker Chocolate flavor blend.

You'll love 'em as much as you love Swans Down Angel Food Mix! Get them today at your grocer's.

See "Our Miss Brooks," starring Eve Arden, Fridays 9:30 P.M. EST on CBS-TV.





PRESENTING THE BEAUTIFUL NEW

1953 Dual-Streak Pontine

SEE IT AT YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER



A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE

In our showrooms we have the greatest Pontiac ever built — the perfect expression of the Pontiac idea: To produce the finest, most beautiful, most luxurious car that can be built to sell at a price just above the lowest.

This wonderful 1953 Dual-Streak Pontiac is completely new in every styling detail, inside and out. It has a longer wheelbase for a smooth, easy ride. It has sweeping new vision with its one-piece curved windshield and wrap-around rear window. Pontiac's famous Dual-Range* power train makes it a spectacular performer anywhere, any time.

We are proud of the wonderful new features of this great car, but we are just as proud of the great Pontiac tradition which is built into every line and part—the tradition of thorough goodness, dependability and economy.

Visit us and see this new more beautiful proof that dollar for dollar you can't beat a Pontiae! *Optional at extra cost,



There's Nothing Like Old Grand-Dad

If you are seeking perfection in bourbon, you should make the acquaintance of Old Grand-Dad soon. For here is one of Kentucky's finest bonds—a whiskey that has mellowed through its long maturing years in new charred white oak casks. A sip will tell you—there's just nothing quite so smooth, so rich, so heart-warming in flavor as Old Grand-Dad—the Head of the Bourbon Family.

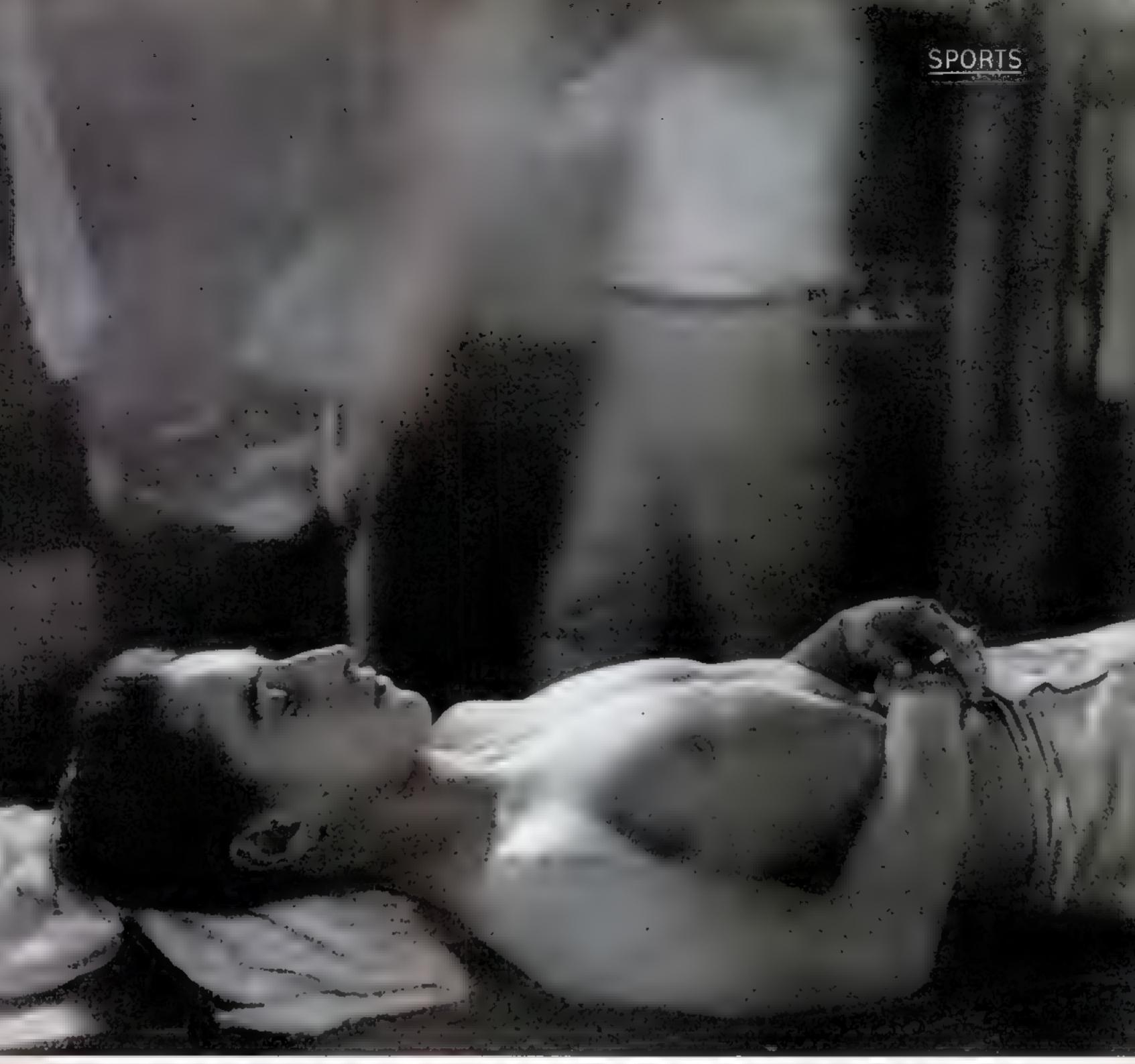
The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky





OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family



TONY DOSPIRITO, KING OF THE JOCKEYS FOR 1952, LIES EXHAUSTED IN THE DRESSING ROOM AFTER THE TENSION OF A GRUELING SEVEN-RACE DAY

FORTUNE SMILES ON A HOT-SHOT

An ambitious, nervy 18-year-old jockey finds himself new holder of record for wins in a single year

Two years ago Tony DeSpirito was one of the kids, known technically if not flatteringly as punks, who hang around stables at race tracks, getting odd jobs rubbing and walking horses. He was a poor boy from Lawrence. Mass, not far from the Rockingham Park track. He was hard as nails and recklessly ambitious. As it turned out, he had a way with borses. A trainer noticed him and gave him a chance to become a "bug boy" or apprentice jockey.

Bug boys seldom get great horses to run; many of their mounts, in fact, are what are known to bettors as pigs. But it was soon noticed that Tony, riding at minor tracks, was bringing in pig after pig. Like all young hot-shot jockeys he made his wins as much on nerve as on skill. He would take desperate chances, squeeze through narrow openings that would have scared older men. He was called incompetent by Rockingham Park stewards for reckless riding and advised to quit the track. But he came back and went on winning.

By the fall of 1952 he was well on his way to breaking the old record of 388 wins in a single year—twice tied but not beaten for 46 years. As the score went up bettors generally drove the odds down and made his mounts favorites. Then came a 10-day suspension, for a foul, and it looked all over. But Tony came back stronger than ever. On the next to the last day of the year, three short of the record, he rode four winners to set a new one, 389. Next day he made it 390. Little (5 feet 2 inches) Tony was on top of the world, making \$40,000 a year, and putting at least some of it away in the bank. But no one could tell whether he would go on to a long and successful career, or blow his money and lose his touch and sink out of sight like many hot-shots before him.





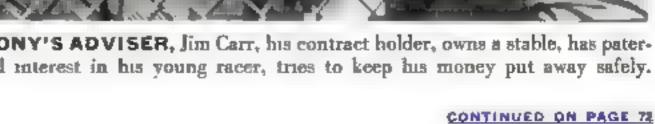
TONY'S PARENTS, Tony Sr. and Nelhe, unemployed mill workers, use some of the \$100 a week he gives them to finance track bets, mostly on him.



TONY'S FAMILY sit down to dinner. Alongside Tony is a Hawsiian friend. Tony, eldest of three children, has bought folks a car, is buying a house.



TONY'S ADVISER, Jim Carr, his contract holder, owns a stable, has paternal interest in his young racer, tries to keep his money put away safely.







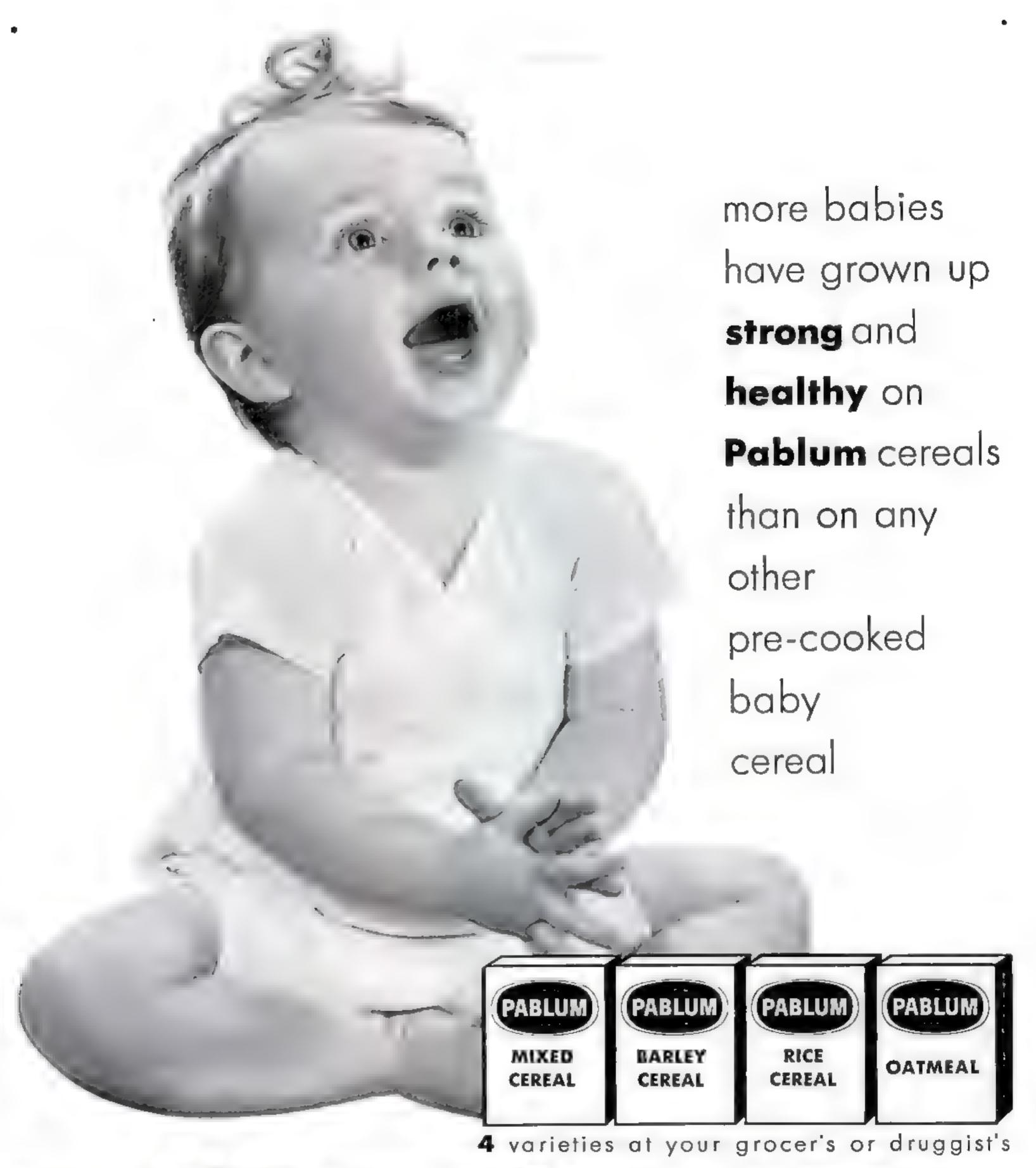
the hern and how to watch troffic! It's fun and instructive! Baby can sit down or stand up.

World's largest manufacturer WELSH CO., St. Louis 4, Mo. of folding baby carriages

keep baby happy. Can't tip over-

AT ALL LEADING STORES

Rusily folded.



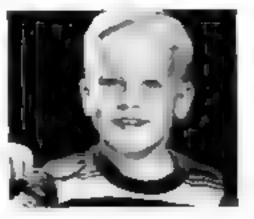
Boon to Mother Safe for Baby!

Exclusive "Handy-Paur" spout on the Pablum package prevents massy, wasteful spilling . . . keeps boby a cereal iresher and safer between feedings,



Best to Start On Best to Stay On!

Four different-testing Pablum® Cereals give boby the variety he croves, plus high nutritional values so important up through his second and third year.

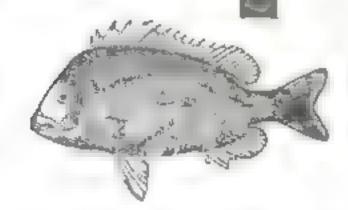


Time for Baby's Visit To the Doctor's?

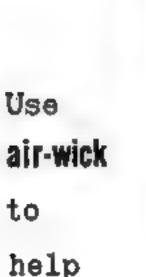
Don't put it off! He is amous to fielp you, even with yoursmallest problem. Remember, he is the expert when it comes to knowing what is best for your baby.



Pablum is the Original Pre-Cooked Cereal . . . made only by Mead Johnson & Ca., Evansyr le, and — world formous for nutritional products for infants and children



cooking odors!



Use

to

help



overcome fish odors if you want to stay "in the swim" with your guests! air-wick kills typical indoor odors 3 times as effectively as other deodorizers tested! Get air-wick today.



The product that made chlorophyll a household word. Makes every room in your home clean-smelling and pleasant.

PAN-WICK IS A TRADEMARK OF SECURAL BOOTHERS, 1840. DIRES, RECHAN OPOTHERS, INC., NEW YORK, M. T.

Hot-Shot CONTINUED



RECORD-BREAKING HORSE, King's Quest, is made ready for the ninth race at Tropical Park as DeSpirito waits with his usual unruffled expression.



RECORD-MAKING JOCKEY next day won his 390th race. Then he lost next seven on muddy track, getting little for his pains besides a spattered face.





When your eyes seem dull and full of sleep, relief comes in seconds with just two drops of Murine in each eye. Murine's seven tested ingredients cleanse and soothe your eyes as gently as a tear so the feeling of fatigue seems to float away Try it today. Murine makes your eyes feel good!

for your eyes

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!



Buy 7-UP by the case or in the handy

Family supply! Easy-lift center handle! Easy-to-store!

You like it ... it likes you!

When the young crowd gathers for an evening of fun, 7-Up joins the party!

Sparkling and crystal-clear, 7-Up adds its lively part to all good times.



He lost a war and won immortality

Even among the free, it is not always easy to live together.

There came a time, less than a hundred years ago, when the people of this country disagreed so bitterly among themselves that some of them felt they could not go on living with the rest.

A test of arms was made to decide whether Americans should remain one nation or become two. The armies of those who believed in two nations were led by a man named Robert E. Lee.

What about Lee? What kind of man was he who nearly split the history of the United States down the middle and made two separate books of it?

They say you had to see him to believe that a man so fine could exist. He was handsome. He was clever. He was brave. He was gentle. He was generous and charming, noble and modest, admired and beloved. He had never failed at anything in his upright soldier's life. He was a born winner, this Robert E. Lee.

Except for once. In the greatest contest of his life, in the war between the South and the North, Robert E. Lee lost.

Now there were men who came with smouldering eyes to Lee and said: "Let's not accept this result as final.

Let's keep our anger alive. Let's be grim and unconvinced, and wear our bitterness like a medal. You can be our leader in this,"

But Lee shook his head at those men. "Abandon your animosities," he said, "and make your sons Americans."

And what did he do himself when his war was lost? He took a job as president of a tiny college, with forty students and four professors, at a salary of \$1500 a year. He had commanded thousands of young men in battle. Now he wanted to prepare a few hundred of them for the duties of peace. So the countrymen of Robert E. Lee saw how a born winner loses, and it seemed to them that in defeat he won his most lasting victory.

There is an art of losing, and Robert E. Lee is its finest teacher. In a democracy, where opposing viewpoints regularly meet for a test of ballots, it is good for all of us to know how to lose occasionally, how to yield peacefully, for the sake of freedom. Lee is our master in this. The man who fought against the Union showed us what unity means.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



STARTLED BY A SOUND, TWO OTTERS, TAKEN OUT FOR A ROMP IN THE WOODS BY THEIR MASTER, CEASE THEIR PLAY TO "PERISCOPE" FOR SOURCE OF NOISE

The Good Life of Good Otters

THEY ENJOY PROTECTION, PERPETUAL PLAY AS A MINNESOTAN'S PETS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY WALLACE KIRKLAND

Of the diminishing thousands of otters still left in the U.S., the two above are among the very luckiest. Not only do they romp and play like other otters lucky enough to have survived the fashion of otter coats for women and otter collars for men, they also eat better than most of their brown-pelted brethren and, together with nine other otters, have found a protector and a comfortable home as the

house guests of Emil Liers of Homer, Minn. Even in the wilds, where once they abounded in lakes and streams, otters are perpetually playful. Far better-humored than their relatives, the weasel and the mink, they chase each other endlessly, playing follow the leader, wrestling, sliding down mud banks and across the snows and, of course, swimming in any open water. The otters which are Liers'

pets do all this, and more. At his home Liers has built a tank for their use when he cannot take them out for a romp in the woods. He supplements their natural diet of frogs and fish with horsemeat and cereal, and when they are particularly obedient and well-mannered gives them the run of the house. In 25 years of this happy relationship Liers has had more than 150 otters. Not one has ever left home.





WINONA PREPARES TO MUNCH MINNOW WHICH FIRST SHE HAS PATIENTLY CORNERED AND NOW HOLDS TRAFFED BETWEEN HER POWERFUL WEBBED FOREPAWS



DEMIDIE TWISTS PRETZEL-FIKE TO SNARE CRAYEISH DESCITE SIZE (31/2 FEFT) AND WEIGHT (20 POUNDS), ABOUT OTTERS ARE QUICK AND AGILE IN WATER



LIKE A HUNTER AFTER THE HUNT, BEMIDJI RELAXES TO FNJOY PRIZE. OTTERS CAN STAY UNDER WATER FOR FOUR MINUTES BEFORE SURFACING TO BREATHE



TWO OTTERS TRAVEL ACROSS THE SNOW IN A LUDICROUS SERIES OF HUMPS AND SLIDES. OTTER FIRST GATHERS ITS FEET TOGETHER, HUNCHING ITS BACK,

THEY ARE AT HOME ANYWHERE

With Liers's conscientious care, his otters live a long time. The oldest of his colony is a prolific 19-year-old matriarch named Tara. Most of the others -Tarquol, Marqueta, Norita, Qu-Appelle, Mityi, Twinkle and Sleek—have been acquired through breeding. The liveliest of the lot are gifts—Winona and Bemidji, now 6 years old, who were given to Liers as cubs by a local game warden when their mother was killed by a hunter, and 3-year-old Squee-Wee, another adopted orphan. When they are outside playing near the banks of the Mississippi, Liers rounds them up by simply calling "Here Winona, here

Bemidji, come otties." If they have been swimming they come up shaking themselves, as dogs do, to get dry.

So much a part of his life have the otters become that Liers has given up all other activity to become a lecturer, an adviser to zookeepers, and to write a book. An Otter's Story, which will be published this spring. Wherever he goes, to schools or wildlife groups or scientific societies. Emil takes some of his otters with him. As a result, they are undoubtedly the only otters in the world who are as comfortable in a hotel room as they are in bed at home.



IN HOTEL ROOM at Winona, Minn., Bemidji and Winona, released from their wire traveling cages

while on tour with Liers, indulge in uninhibited morning antics, causing the washbasin to overflow.



DOWN THE STEPS at home come Bemidji and Winona. In kitchen Mrs. Liers will give them dinner.



IN BED WITH EMIL, Squee-Wee playfully ducks out from under covers to peek about inquisitively.





DEBUT OF "WILLIE THE ACTOR" came when Sutton first used a disguise to rob a bank. Here Artist William Sharp, who drew the illustrations

for this article, depicts the moment when the startled bank guard discovers that the "Western I mon messenger" he has let in is actually a bank to ber,

Confessions of an Archthief



TRAPPED, Setton sits in court at his trial last year, looking gaunt but dapper as he faced what looked like end of his long criminal career.

WILLIE SUTTON MADE 'A SCIENCE OUT OF CRIME,' BUT HE STILL FAILED

by WILLIE SUTTON as told to Quentin Reynolds

On Feb. 18, 1952 a little man with the look of a malicious leprechaun was picked up by the cops in New York City. He was the famous and fabulous Willie Sutton, and he was quickly tried for a bank robbery, convicted and given a sentence of 30 years to life. For reasons he himself states in this article, Willie Sutton decided to write the whole story of his life; and with the aid of Author Quentin Reynolds he has just completed it. Bearing no brief for Sutton, LIFE publishes a condensation of this autobiography for what it is, the candid memoirs of a crook-revealing and sometimes at variance with the newspaper accounts at the time and with the considered judgments of a jury. But it is nevertheless Sutton's life story as he sees it. This unconventional autobiography will also appear in book form, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Young (\$3.50) next month.

TY mind goes back to 1944. I was in Eastern State Penitentiary, working as a secretary for the prison psychiatrist. He is now a private psychiatrist and doesn't want me to use his name, and because he was one of the few real friends I ever had, I won't. But he was a tall, good-looking man with a soft voice that had a magic effect on the crazed inmates who had cracked under the strain of prison life. And he performed mental miracles.

I recall seeing, now and then, a letter from a former inmate for whom the doctor had obtained a parole. The letter would tell about how the man had married, had children and gone straight. I would say, "This is one of the fellows they told you couldn't be rehabilitated." The doctor would nod and chuckle.

On one of these occasions I seized the opportunity and asked him point-blank, "What about me? I've been here 10 years now. Don't you think I've learned my lesson?"

The doctor hesitated and then said. "I don't know, Willie. Apparently," he added softly, "banks present an irresistible challenge to you.

"You don't think," I asked, "that I can ever be a useful member of society?"

The doctor studied me for a moment and sighed. "Only you can answer that one, Willie."

"I'm going to prove I can, Doctor," I said, smiling. But I wasn't smiling inside. I had learned enough about psychiatry as his secretary to know that he couldn't tell me flatly what I was sure he believed: there was no chance for me to adjust myself to the environment of a free world. Just the same, I wasn't ready to accept this diagnosis.

Eight years later—on May 2, 1952—I recalled that conversation. I was standing for sentence before Judge Peter T. Farrell of the Queens County Court, who looked down at me and said, "The sentence of the court is that the prisoner be confined in a state prison for a period of not less than 30 years. . . . "

Again I thought of the doctor when I read the stories about me in the newspapers and magazines. Several writers tried to psychoanalyze me. One writer gave a great many reasons (valid to him, I'm sure) why I had been driven into crime. I tried to follow his reasoning, but because he knew nothing about my early life he was playing a guessing game. A detective-story writer did a thoughtful series in which he held that all my life had been an attempt to escape, not only from prisons but from myself. I have no quarrel with his conclusions. Per-

haps he's right—I just don't know.

I do know, however, that not even Freud could analyze a man merely by reading newspaper stories about him. So I have decided to indulge in an experiment in self-analysis. I've been asked by many a man on a parole board, "Willie, what made you become a criminal?" And for the life of me, I've never been able to give an honest answer. Now I have plenty of time to see if I can come up with that honest answer. I expect to spend the rest of my days in prison. So I will set down my story. Call it a confession, if you will. But anyway, when it's down in black and white, perhaps some psychiatrist will be able to answer the question I've never been able to answer: "Willie, what made you become a criminal?"

Mass every Sunday

TOU could have called us the typical Brooklyn family of the early 1900s. We lived in a two-family, yellow frame house on High Street. My father, William Sutton, was a big, happy man, well satisfied with his job. He was a blacksmith. There were still plenty of horses in Brooklyn, so he had plenty of work. We went to Mass every Sunday morning and had chicken every Sunday for dinner.

For us kids the whole world was bounded by Tillary Street and the East River. This was the only world we knew, and it wasn't a very pretty world. It centered around Sands Street, Sands Street was dotted with saloons catering to the sailor trade. Peaceful enough during

the day, Sands Street became a battleground at night.

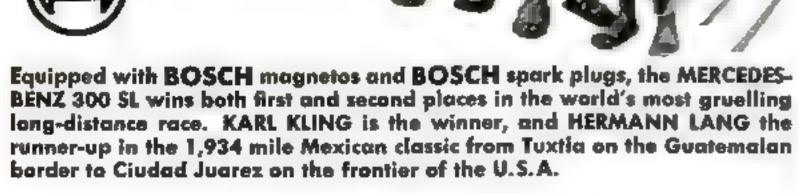
My first crime was minor enough. Two of us volunteered to do the shopping for our families, and the grocery clerk was delighted to let us wait on ourselves. We found it easy to slip a few groceries into our pockets or shirt fronts. From there it was a logical step to visit the same store at night. We climbed in the back window at least half a dozen times, rifling the cash register of as much as \$5 a haul. We became the wealthiest kids in the neighborhood. We were never caught, never even had a narrow escape. It was my first taste of easy money—a taste I'm afraid I've never completely lost.

Just the same, I went straight for most of the next few years, even while holding down a job as messenger in a bank. But then the war came, and with it easy-money jobs in defense plants. I got used to cash in my pockets, parties, liquor, silk shirts and girls. I volunteered for the Army, but I was 17 at the time and wasn't accepted.

Despite the high life I had been living I still had some money saved up after the war ended. But it didn't last long, and when it was



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FIRST EASY MONEY came around 1910 when Willie and friend broke into a grocery store. Willie rifled cash register while partner kept lookout.

THIEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

gone I pulled my first big robbery. With two friends I broke into the office of a shipyard and got away with \$16,000. Our flight took us, by train and car, all over northern New York State; but within two weeks we were back in Brooklyn, in jail. We all got suspended sentences.

This first actual brush with the law taught me a lesson—for a while. I read a want ad, placed by a man named John Condon, a landscape gardener. I got the job, and became an avid horticulturist overnight. Anyone born in the country takes flowers, shruhs and trees for granted, but for me every one of them was a new discovery. For about three months I commuted out to the big Long Island and Westchester estates, planted trees and shrubs all day and commuted happily home to Brooklyn. I was completely satisfied with life, and not a larcenous thought entered my mind. Then that job disappeared; people couldn't afford landscape gardening any more. I picked up a few other jobs but none of them lasted either. I went back to my life of crime. One of my favorite hangouts was a poolroom run by Joe Quigg. It was there that I met "Doc" Tate.

Doc was probably the greatest expert on locks in the country. A real practitioner, he always wore gloves, even in the warmest weather, to protect his sensitive fingertips. I began to learn the difference between amateurs like myself and professionals like Doc Tate. He had been caught many times. But each time he asked himself, "What did I do wrong? What precaution did I fail to take?" And he never made the same mistake twice. When I met him, he had worked out his system until it had become a fine art.

I became Doc's eager student. After a while he let me go along on jobs, in Boston, Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. From him I learned my most valuable lessons: Use nitro and the blowtorch only when the "legitimate" ways—the punch, jimmy and other tools—fail. Do an out-of-town job, then get as far away as possible as fast as possible. Use ordinary tools, the kind that can be bought in any hardware store, and leave them behind—except the jimmy, which will get you out of many a tight, locked place. Choose your fence with the greatest of care. And plan, plan, plan. The Doc was my mentor. But I'm convinced that becoming a criminal was my fault, not his. The Doc only helped me become a successful criminal—for a while.

I go into business

SHORTLY I went into business for myself. At first I made my share of mistakes, figuring a bank safe as easier than it was and working all night for nothing, for example. But I made some good hauls too. The first time I got caught it was not because of any mistake on the job but because I had a confederate whose wife got jealous of his mistress and talked to the police. I went to Sing Sing, was transferred to Dannemora. It was September 1929 before I was a free man again. I went straight for a while, but after trying in vain to get a good job I went back to bank robbing again.

My plan of action came to me as I was walking along Broadway one afternoon and noticed an armored truck stop in front of a business house. Two of the uniformed guards approached the door, rang the bell and were admitted. In a few moments they marched



AN HONEST JOB was a short idyl in 1921. Working as a gardener, he developed fondness for trees and flowers. Job folded and he returned to crime.

from the store, climbed into their truck and drove off. The uniforms those guards were intrigued me. I doubted very much if the clerk who admitted them to the store looked at their faces. When he saw the uniforms he waved them in. The right kind of uniform would unlock any door. I looked in the classified telephone directory and found several firms which manufactured all kinds of uniforms.

That afternoon "Willie the Actor" was born.

I decided to take on my friend Jack Bassett as my partner. I told him to rent a room in the Broadway district under the name of the Waverly School of Drama. Then I had a hundred letterheads and business cards printed. I typed out a letter on the imposing stationery of the Waverly School of Drama, saying that we were putting on an amateur play, and that I wanted to rent a bank messenger's uniform. I sent the letters to a dozen costume-renting outfits. Their replies were prompt. If I would send the actor in to be fitted, they were sure they could give complete satisfaction. Armed with their letter, I visited one of the theatrical costuming houses and was delighted with what I saw. They had uniforms of every description. If I wished, I could be a cop, a fireman, a Western Union messenger, an Army officer, or even a knight of King Arthur's Court. They asked me no questions after I handed them the letter they had sent to the Waverly School of Drama. They just assumed that I was another actor. I looked over half a dozen uniforms of the type worn by messengers, and selected a neat-looking khaki outfit, inconspicuous and conservative. Wearing this, I felt that I could walk into the House of Morgan, if necessary, and be accepted as a bank messenger.

I had selected my bank carefully. I knew just how many employes worked there. I knew what time each arrived and when each left, I found that the first employe arrived at 8 each morning. He opened the bank and, after identifying the employes, admitted

them as they arrived.

My plan began to take shape. First, however, I needed to know the name of the bank manager. A phone call to the bank secured that information. I schooled Jack Bassett very carefully as to his part in the drama. As a matter of fact, I was beginning to think of this as a drama with myself as director and main actor. I dropped into a Western Union office and sent the Waverly School of Drama a telegram, merely to get the yellow Western Union envelope. When it arrived, I steamed it open and threw the message away. Then I typed out the name of the manager and name and address of the bank on a yellow sheet of paper. I placed this inside the envelope so that the name and address could be seen through the window of the envelope. It was a pretty good imitation of an actual telegram. I bought a small briefcase, the kind usually carried by bank messengers. Now I was ready.

Shortly after the guard entered the bank at 8 o'clock, I rang the bell. The guard opened the door an inch or two, saw my uniform

and awung the door back.

"I got a telegram for the boss," I mumbled. Handing him the bogus wire, a small notebook and a pencil, I asked him to sign for the telegram. He held the notebook in one hand, the pencil in the other, and began to sign. As soon as both of his hands were occupied, I merely reached down and lifted his revolver out of its holster. I told him very quietly to be a good boy, to obey orders



How we retired in 15 years with \$250 a month

It was the day our son Jimmy started college that the thing happened that changed all our lives. Thanks to that, Marge and I are retired in Florida to-day—doing just as we please. And thanks to that, too, a white envelope arrives each month, every month—with a check for \$250 inside it.

It all started about fifteen years ago—September of '37. I was forty-two. And till that moment I had no more hope of retiring in fifteen years than Jimmy had,

We'd come back from seeing Jimmy off at the station. Marge sat in the living room sewing. The house seemed quiet and empty. I sat down in my chair and picked up a magazine. It opened to an ad on a page Marge had marked, "Read, please." The ad said, "You don't have to be rich to retire on a life income." It was one of the ads I'd often read of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company. Read it I did—all the way through. "Sure, Marge," I said, "sounds wonderful But a thing like that costs plenty."

"How do you know how much it costs?" asked Marge, "you just think it's expensive. Let's find out. You know, soon Jimmy won't need us. He'll be out on his own. We won't need a big house. Won't need a lot of the things we're used to. We could live

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cost us anything to look into it."

That's how it happened that we sent in the coupon.

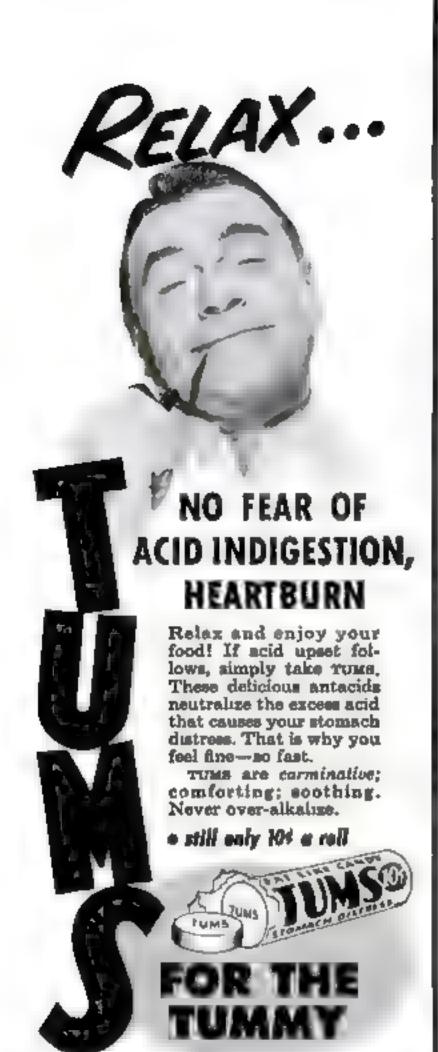
Back in the mail came a booklet that explained all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. It was true, you didn't have to be rich. Actually, it was for just average people like ourselves. It was simple, systematic, and sure. No investment worries—experts did your investing for you. Soon after, I applied and qualified for my Phoenix Mutual Plan.

Jimmy's married now, with a good job. Winters, his youngsters come down and spend a long vacation with us in the Florida sunshine. For, you see, we're retired with a monthly income of \$250 that comes regular as clockwork. Marge was right. It didn't cost anything to find out. And it's certainly paying off.

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This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$10 to \$250 a month or more—beginning at age 55,60,65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't

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WILLIE'S MENTOR was fastidious "Doe" Tate, who imparted his encyclopedic lore on locks while strolling New York's upper West Side with Willie.

THIEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

and he wouldn't be hurt. He took a few steps backward, complete bewilderment in his eyes. Then he raised his hands a little shakily. At that psychological moment Jack Bassett walked in and shut the door after him.

I knew that six employes of the bank would arrive within the next few minutes. They were all due at 8:30 and my observation had established the fact that these were very punctual workers who were never late. I told the guard that I knew how he operated each morning and that he should follow his usual custom. He looked at his gun in my hand and shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. The bell rang as the first employe arrived. The guard opened the door and the first arrival gave him a cheery hello and said, "It's a wonderful day, Fred."

"That's what you think," the guard mumbled.

The employe walked in and blinked as he saw us. The guard shut the door and Jack very politely asked the employe to sit down.

Jack had gotten half a dozen chairs and had lined them up against the wall. The employes arrived, one by one, and took their places in the row of chairs. The last to arrive, promptly at 8:30, was the manager himself.

"All I want you to do," I told him, "is to open your vault. It would be very silly for you to refuse. If you do refuse, nothing will happen to you, but I promise you that the lives of your em-

ployes here will be jeopardized."

I could see from the calm, contemptuous look in the manager's eyes that threats to him wouldn't mean a thing. He would willingly expose himself to any danger, I felt, even death, rather than open that vault and repudiate the trust the bank had in him. But now I saw a struggle going on in his mind. Did he have the right to jeopardize the safety of his employes who sat there against the wall, plainly terrified? Doubt, indecision and then hopeless resignation showed on his face.

"I guess I have no choice," he said wearily. "That's right," I told him, "you have no choice."

While Bassett held his gun on the six employes, I walked with the manager to the vault. It was 8:40 now. The bank opened for business at 9, and I knew that there were always several customers there waiting, undoubtedly to draw out money that could be used for either petty cash or payrolls that day. I prodded the manager very gently with the guard's gun and told him to hurry. He did. The door swung open and I found two small tin boxes inside containing \$48,000 in crisp new bills.

I put the money in my briefcase, told the bank manager to sit down with his employes, and then gave them a little lecture. I said that my friend and I were leaving now, but that we had a third member of our group on guard outside. If anyone went through this door during the next five minutes, he would be shot. I knew, of course, that as soon as Bassett and I left, they would run for the phone to call the police. I didn't mind that. It would take the police at least 10 minutes to arrive. However, I didn't want any of them running out after us, raising an alarm. I figured my little speech would keep them there for at least three or four minutes. That was all the time Jack and I needed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE M



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IT'S NOT LITTLE THEATER WHEN YOU'RE IN IT

These men put their hearts into their hobby, the community's Little Theater. Perhaps your own big interest is photography, fishing, or collecting 18th Century clocks. In any case, nothing gives you more pleasure than talking about it with your fellow hobbyists.

The Little Theater enthusiasts in our picture have hit on a way you can make your hobby sessions still more enjoyable. The bottle on the

tray is the clue: it is Imperial, the whiskey Hiram Walker makes so uniquely smooth and mellow; the whiskey that men like yourself have made one of America's very largest selling brands.

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THEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUES

We slipped out the door, shut it quietly and a minute later had melted into the heavy traffic. Everything had gone like clockwork. I hadn't used a torch and there was no reason for the police ever to connect me with this job.

This, I told myself, would be my technique from now on.

During the next two months lack and I pulled half a dozen jobs, using the same plan of action. I became well acquainted with the various theatrical costume shops on Broadway, but I never rented a uniform from the same place twice. By turns I was a Western Union messenger, postman, policeman and even, on one job, a window cleaner. Soon I was rolling in money. But I overplayed my hand and got my first big sentence. 30 years in Sing Sing. The next year was bectic, I broke out of Sing Sing and went back to robbing banks in New York. But it was the same pattern repeated again and again and not as interesting as what happened to me in the fall of 1933.

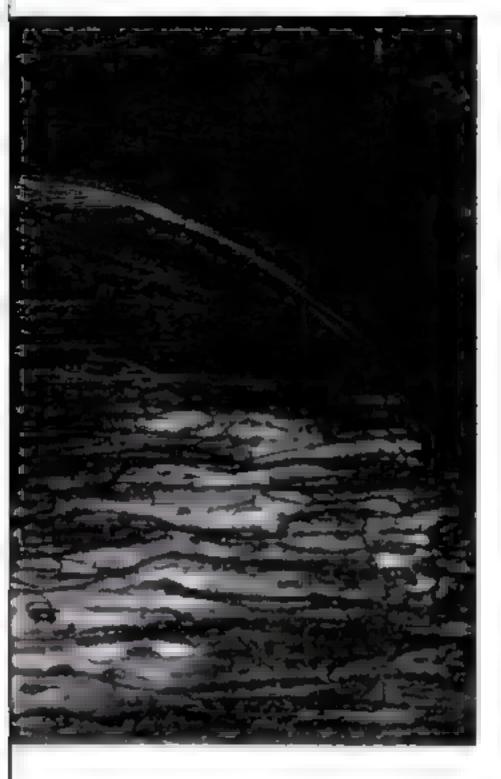
I had decided that the cops were getting too hot on my trail in New York, so I moved to Philadelphia. That was a mistake. The first big job I pulled there got me sent up to Eastern State Penitentiary for 25 to 50 years. I entered Eastern on Feb. 12, 1934, and my first four months were spent in segregation. This kind of treatment can unbalance the sanest of minds; but I found refuge in books. There was a library of sorts, and I was allowed to borrow books from it. Because of niv escape from Sing Sing I was, of course, a marked man. Even when the four-month period of segregation was over and I was transferred to what was known as the seventh gallery, I received very special attention from the guards. The prison officials never trusted me. But I can hardly blame them.

The warden at Eastern State Penitentiary was Herbert ("Hardboiled") Smith, a former captain of the Pennsylvania State Police. No one had ever escaped from this pen while he was in charge of it, and he was going to be sure that I didn't spoil his record. Hardboiled Smith was a gray-haired, ruddy-complexioned, heavy-aet man who invariably smoked cigars. He was stern: but he was respected by the prisoners. To begin with, they respected his intelligence. We used to feel that Smith could read our minds. Any time there was trouble in the prison Smith would invariably come up with the men who had actually caused it. He treated us fairly enough, and in the light of my record I couldn't blame him for extra precautions he took guarding me.

Hard-boiled Smith was the one man I could never beat.

He and his guards knew that I was "escape-minded," but after I had been probably the best-behaved inmate in the pen for a while, they apparently thought that I had become reconciled to spending the next 25 years or more as their guest. So they relaxed their vigilance just a little. Then I could plan my escape.

Eastern State was built on the principle of the wheel, with the



A FUTILE BREAK was Sutton's attempt to swim out of Eastern State Penitentiary in Pennsylvania through the prison sewer. He nearly drowned in sewage and had to give up.

cell blocks branching out from the hub. Each cell block was visible from the hub, and guards maintained a 24-hour watch from this vantage point. After we had been locked in at night, guards patrolled the cell blocks continually and flashed their searchlights into the cells.

But one day a fellow inmate was given his parole. When he left he gave me the only thing of value he owned—a complete map of the whole sewer system of the prison. He had worked in the cellar and over the years had learned the location and width of every sewer pipe at Eastern, and he had committed this to paper.

I noticed that late each afternoon when our recreation period was over in the yard, a guard opened a steel door embedded in the wall close to the ground. Then he turned a wheel which lifted a solid steel door that dammed the flow of water coursing through the main sewer, which ordinarily would have rushed through the pipes of the prison sewer system. While the pipe was filled with water, escape through it was impossible. But I felt that if I could have a couple of hours alone in the cellar when the pipes were not flooded,

I might have a chance to get to the main sewer.

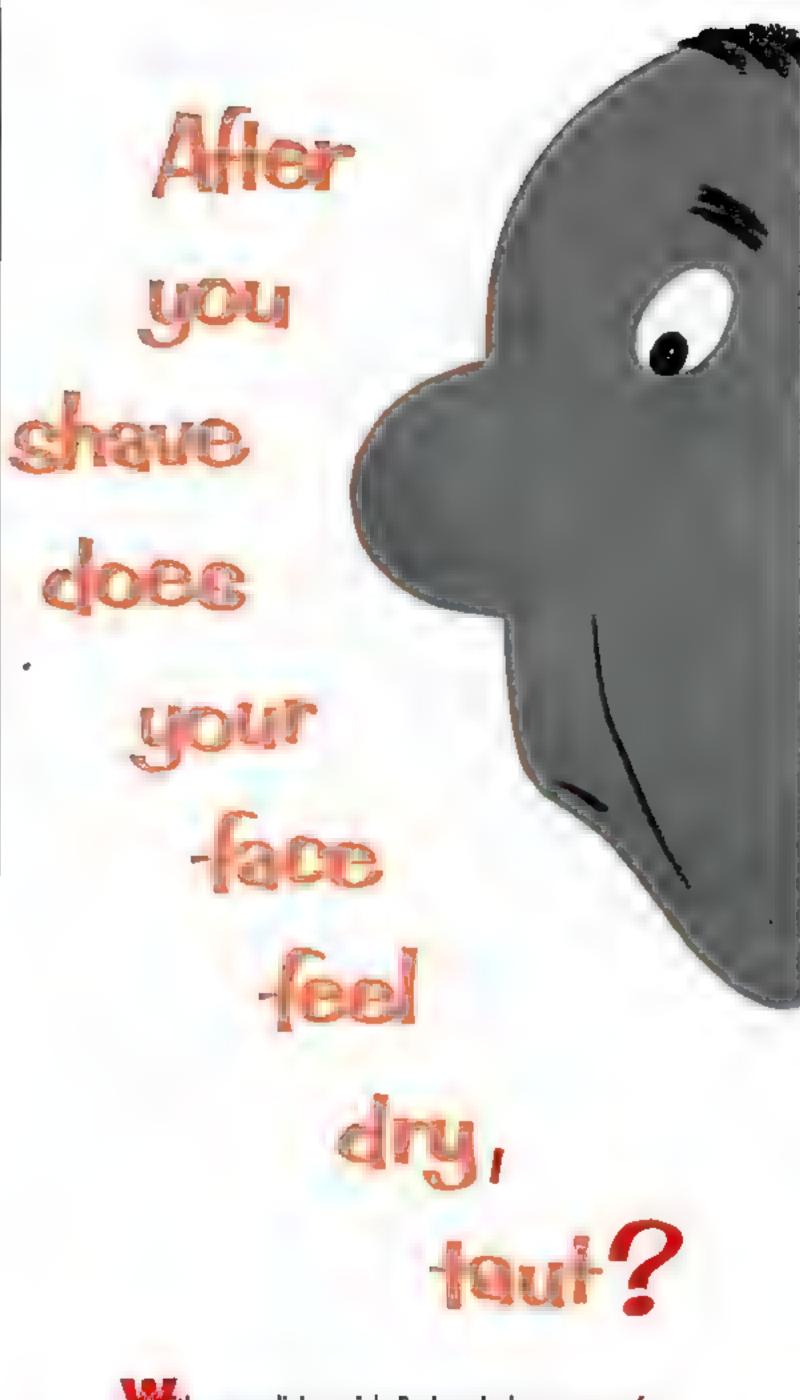
There was one small barred window which ventilated the cellar. I had taken an inmate into my confidence. He only had five years to go so he wasn't interested in escape himself, but he would help me all he could. During yard-out time I sat by the barred window while he stood above me, half hiding me. And within a week I'd cut through a bar. Then one day I slipped unobserved through the window into the cellar. I pushed the bar back in position. I had about one hour now to investigate.

Into the sewer

IN the cellar I found a grating leading to the sewer system. I removed it and slipped down into the sewer below the cellar floor. There was just enough space for me to crawl. I crawled 200 feet. Now I came to a sewer running at right angles to my passage and slightly below it. This was filled with water and refuse. I knew that 15 feet to the right was a steel door. If I could get that door opened, the water from this section would flow through it and out into the main sewer. Once this part of the sewer system was drained, I would be able perhaps to go through that passage which led to the main sewer. But how to reach the steel door?

There was only one thing to do. I would have to swim the 15 feet, and I would have to swim mostly under water. The air was stifling. Thousands of giant bugs were slithering through my hair and over my body. I could feel them on my neck, and some of them slipped beneath my shirt. I removed all of my clothes. Lowering myself into that filthy muck was not an inviting prospect but neither was the idea of spending the rest of my life here in prison. I took a deep breath, lowered myself into the water and swam toward

the steel door.



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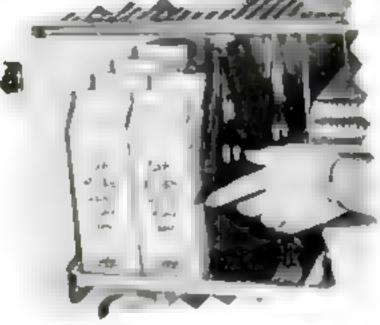




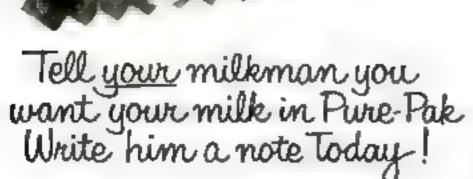
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WILLIE TELLS A SAD STORY

Without exception, I brought tragedy to every woman who entered my life.

There was my wife Louise. She gave me her confidence and faith and I betrayed it. When I was in prison she could only write and come to see me occasionally. When I was out, she could only wonder where I was; I never dared go home, knowing the police were watching and waiting for me to do just that.

There was Jeanne Courtney. When I couldn't go home, I had to take my com-



MARY CORRECT

panionship where I could find it. I found it with Jeanne, a hostess at the Roseland Dance Hall. She never believed that I was a criminal. She was with me when I was caught in Philadelphia, and the reward of

her constancy was to be labeled a gun moll.
There was Mary Corbett, the awast little

There was Mary Corbett, the sweet little lady who worked at the Staten Island Farm Colony when I was there.

To Mary I was Eddie Lynch, and she befriended me, cheered me up, even let me rent a room in her house. After I left the Colony the cops found I had been there, so Mary Corbett suffered for having been a good Samaritan.

There was Margaret Mary Moore, a fresh young girl just off the boat from Ireland



MARGARET MOORE

THIEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

I had a brick in my right hand, which made swimming more difficult. If I could raise that door up three or four inches, I could insert the brick under it and the water would then seek the lower level of the main sewer. I reached the door and felt desperately for some handle, but it was perfectly smooth. My knees scraped painfully on the rough bottom. I dropped the brick and explored the bottom of the door with both hands. The door was solid and there was no way I could raise it. I had to return. I gave myself as mighty a push as I could away from the door and swam back to where I had come from.

I could feel myself blacking out and I raised my head groggily. I had made it back. With the little strength I had left I crawled to the relative safety of the tunnel. I was beaten, and I knew it.

I had to crawl the 200 feet back to where the grating would allow me entrance into the cellar. Somehow I made it. The air of the cellar seemed fresh and clean, and I lay there for a few moments wallowing in it. Then, still shaky, I got into my clothes, out of the cellar and by some miracle got back to my cell with 30 seconds to spare before the guards started their counting. My first attempt to escape had been a complete failure.

For 11 years I tried to beat Hard-boiled Smith. I made elaborate preparations to go over the wall, preparations that even included a painstakingly manufactured dummy of myself to fool the guards. I was discovered and spent 23 months in solitary. Later I joined a group of inmates who were laboriously digging a tunnel under the wall. It took six months, scooping our way bit by bit, but when we finally broke through on the other side, we ran right into the arms of the cops. I did my best; but Hard-boiled Smith was too smart for me.

Over the wall

Philadelphia. Holmesburg was supposed to be "escape-proof" too but it proved easier than Eastern State. After 18 months five of us had laid our plans. We persuaded a friend who was leaving the prison to send a gun in to us. It came hidden in a vegetable truck. We got hacksaws from the machine shop and painstakingly sawed through our bars, leaving just enough to hold together until the time came to knock them out. On Feb. 9, 1947 it started to snow. With a few whispered words in the yard we agreed that this was the night.

At 10 minutes before mudnight we broke the bars away from our doors, slunk to the end of the corridor and waited for the

OF THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE

when I met her last year in Stuyvesant Park. For weeks we were nearly inseparable while I showed her the big city. But one day I made the mistake of writing her name on a scrap of paper. The police quickly tracked her down; and because of a man she thought was named Johnny Mahoney, she wound up in the Women's House of Detention. There an eye infection she had got worse. Now she has lost one eye because of me.

There was my mother. I broke her heart. I denied and debased everything right that she had tried to teach me. She is 79 now, and has a weak heart, so she cannot come to see me. And I can never go to her.

And there was my daughter Jeane. When she was 5 years old, Louise brought her to see me in Eastern State Penstentiary. It was hard to believe that this beautiful, green-eyed little girl was my daughter. She stood with Louise outside the visitors' screen and stared at

me with childlike curiosity. I couldn't say anything. At that moment I really despised myself. I would leave this innocent child nothing but a heritage of shame.

Just before I went off to the state pententiary this last time, my daughter Jeane came to see me once again. She showed me a telegram she had with her, a telegram that I had sent her when she was one year old. It read, "Love and kisses to my darling on her birthday. Daddy." She had treasured that faded, yellow telegram all her life.



WILLIES MOTHER

guards to come by on their rounds. When they did we pulled the gun on them. We borrowed their keys and parts of their uniforms and opened the engine room to get some ladders we knew were there. Keeping the guards with us we took the ladders up and across the yard. The snow was driving down furiously, cutting the visibility to nearly zero. We got to the wall, but just as one of the ladders touched it the searchlight flashed on us and the machine guns on the tower swung toward us. We had been spotted.

One of the men was quick-witted enough to bellow, "It's all right; we're guards!" The man in the tower was confused by the snow and only able to make out the guards' caps on some of us. He held his fire. A scramble up the ladders and across the top, a long drop on the other side and I was free again.

Guards and police were after us within 15 minutes. But we managed to slither away from them. I took a chance and bummed a ride to New York. The driver and I talked about the prison break most of the way in to the city, but he never recognized me. I wonder if he ever realized who his passenger was that night.

Now I needed a place to hide out for a while. I found it in the Farm Colony, an old people's home on Staten Island. They needed a porter. I was just their man. It was a perfect place for my purposes; no cop would think of looking for me in a \$90-a-month job. For two years I worked at the Farm Colony and grew to love the kindly old men and women. They asked no questions and became my closest friends—just because I liked to sit and listen to them tell me about their past, their troubles and their treasured memories. It was a quiet, idyllic existence after my hectic life of crime, my constant, nerve-grinding plotting to escape prison and my dash for freedom.

But after two years I began to feel that just to be safe I had better move on. The newspapers erupted with the story of a million-dollar robbery of the Brinks Company in Boston, and some of the reporters credited me with the job. I began to have nightmares in which hundreds of people pointed their fingers at me and shouted, "YOU'RE WILLIE THE ACTOR!"

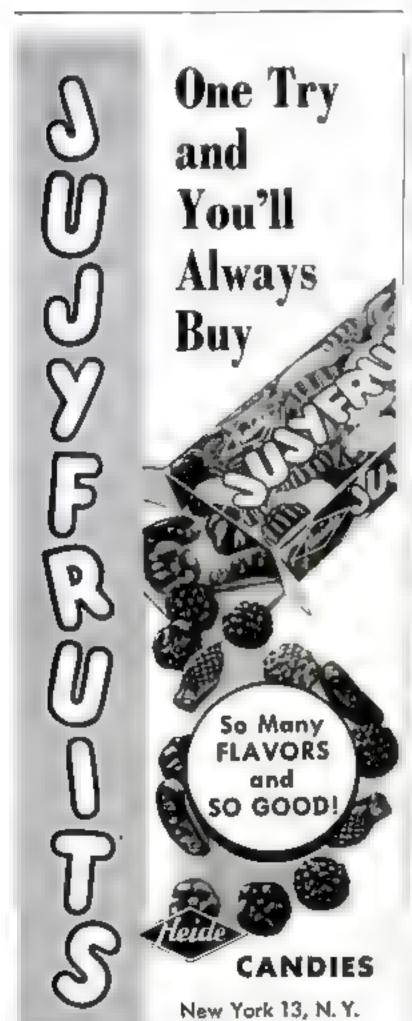
I began to get nervous and restless. I took rides on the subway, got off somewhere, anywhere, and took long walks.

One day I was walking through Sunnyside, N.Y., a prosperous little community that is bisected by Queens Boulevard. Before I realized what I was doing I found myself studying the layout of the Manufacturers Trust Company. Almost unconsciously my mind photographed the bank entrance, the condition of the roof, the depth of the plot, the number of people going in and out. I went into the bank, noted the position of the cages, glanced at the alarm system and computed the number of employes. When I was out on the street again I recalled what the psychiatrist had





GENERALS GENERALS THAN TO ANY THER TIRE







LONG CHASE NEARS END as Sutton, riding in Brooklyn aubway, "feels" someone studying him. It was Arnold Schuster, who reported him to police.

THEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

said at Eastern State: "Apparently banks present an irresistible challenge to you."

So he was right, after all.

I went back to Sunnyside again and again, and cased that bank thoroughly. Everything I saw about it convinced me that it was vulnerable. Then came a terrible battle inside my mind. On the one hand was my sincere reluctance to go back to crime and my renewed faith in my ability to go straight, a faith bolstered by the kind, friendly people at the Farm Colony. Besides, I didn't need the money; years before, I had secreted a cache in a Long Island field. I had dug it up recently and found most of it still negotiable. On the other hand was the realization that I was an outlaw already anyway. Most of all, there was the challenge of the bank itself.

For weeks this internal battle raged. But finally I was able to make up my mind. I would leave the bank alone. I cannot de-

scribe how agonizing the decision was.

A few weeks later I ran into a couple of my old friends, Tommy Kling and John De Venuta. De Venuta was busily preparing a bank job. The layout sounded bad to me. I told him I wasn't interested. But I also told them everything I had learned about the Sunnyside bank. Three weeks later the newspapers reported that the Sunnyside bank had been robbed and that employes of the bank had identified me as the ringleader of the gang. No mention was made of De Venuta. I know Kling had nothing to do with it because he was so sick at that time that he could hardly get out of bed.

But the flurry over the Sunnyside job was enough to make me start running again. I left Staten Island, lost myself in the crowds of New York, and finally got a room in a Puerto Rican section

of Brooklyn.

The kid in the subway

I was two years later when, riding in the subway and hiding my face behind my newspaper, I began to feel someone's eyes on me. I don't know how you "feel" a thing like this, but I did. I folded my paper and glanced casually across the aisle. A nice-looking youngster who appeared to be about 20 was staring at me with interest. I yawned and dropped my eyes to the paper.

Had this kid made me? I didn't think so.

At my stop I arose casually and left the subway. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed him following me; but this may well have been his station too. I climbed up the stairs to the street; he was right behind me. I walked a block; he stayed with me. I crossed the street; he remained on his side. Another block and he was gone. I shook my head in disgust. I remembered reading in those psychiatric books at Eastern State of men who had developed a monomania about being constantly followed. I was getting like some of them, I decided.

But of course this was one time I should have paid more attention to that warning sixth sense. The boy was Arnold Schuster. He reported to the police and within two hours I was in headquarters at Bergen Street and the fingerprint man was pointing at me.

"That's Sutton!" he cried excitedly. "You're right," I said calmly.



Grandma watches TV

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THIEF'S CONFESSIONS CONTINUED

The rest has been adequately reported in the newspapers and magazines. The irony is that I was tried for the Sunnyside job. Although it is one of the few crimes credited to me that I didn't commit, I was convicted.

Why I wrote my story

So it ended. I felt no resentment, no bitterness. Judge Farrell had been meticulously fair during the proceedings. I had been tried before an impartial jury. I had been brilliantly defended. Now I was on my way where I belonged—to a life behind bars.

I was still bothered, though, by the killing of Arnold Schuster. When the police first got me out of bed to ask me what I knew about it, I could hardly believe them. I recall mumbling, "This finishes me," though how much it had to do with my conviction of the Sunnyside job I don't know. By now I think most of the police believe I had nothing to do with this brutal, senseless killing. They know that isn't the way I operate. And far from "avenging" me, Arnold Schuster's murder only made my case harder. My opinion is that it was the work of some crazed crank.

While I was waiting to be shipped off to prison one of the guards came to my cell to tell me about something that had happened during the St. Patrick's Day parade. A bunch of kids along the route had started chanting as the cops came by, "We want Sutton!"

They said that "I was amazed.

"Yeah." the guard said in disgust. "That's what you've done, Sutton. More than one of those kids will try to be like you. I don't mind saying it made me feel a little sick."

"It makes me a little sick too," I said slowly.

I'm honest enough to admit that my conscience never bothered me much after I'd taken a bank or a jewelry shop. But this was different. If these kids only realized that at 51 I was completely through, they might not think of me as a hero. Somehow or other they had the mistaken idea that I'd gotten away with it, and that they too could get away with it. Sure, I'd pulled some big jobs, but I'd spent about half my adult life in jail paying for these crimes. I'd studied robbery the way an honest man studies law or accounting. I had made a science out of crime. And yet I'd lost.

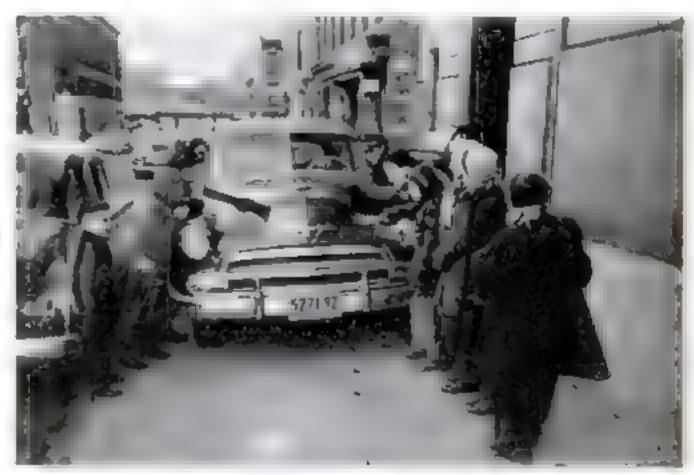
I suppose that, all in all, I robbed society of close to \$2 million. What did I have today? I was 51, penniless, and facing a life of imprisonment. How in God's name could even the most impressiona-

ble youngster want to copy me?

The next morning I spoke about it to George Herz and James McArdle, the lawyers appointed by the court to defend me. And out of this conversation came the idea that I tell my whole story. I remember saying that if I could only get across to these kids the truth of my wasted life, it would be well worth the effort. And whatever money the story made for me could be put into some kind of trust fund to help kids during those difficult years—the years when I made the transition from reckless youngster to criminal. Two judges and a priest, among others, were consulted and agreed that it was a good idea. The fund is now being set up.

That is the main reason why I have written my story. It may or may not help a psychiatrist figure out what made an ordinary kid from an ordinary family in Brooklyn become a criminal. But it may convince money-crazy kids that you can't win at crime.

As you can see, I know.



YOUNG HERO WORSHIPERS, whose admiration Sutton claims he deplores flock around his car. Its battery had gone down and Sutton had been working over it when the police finally caught him after five years at large.

Rexall Stark Nurser, 8-oz. bottle, nipple and protecting cap, complete 3 for \$1.00 Rexall Cutton Squares, sterile, 40's . 194 Wickstyle Household Dendorant, 6 pz . **Paxall Chlorophyll Tablets**, help control body odors, cleanse breath, bottle of 50 , \$1.25 Stag After-Shave Lotton, skin freshener, 3 oz., 40¢ Renall Delute Tooth Bresh, 6 medically approved styles including fine-textured nylon59¢ Maximum Hard Rubber Combs, assorted 29# Locd Baltimore Pertfelio, white I nen-finish writing paper with envelopes in handy kit Rexall Spirits of Camphor, 1 oz.37¢ Rexall Soda Mints, antacid, 140 teblets... 35¢ Revall Malk of Magnesia Tablets, 85's 39¢

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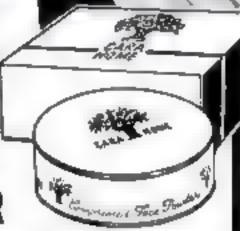
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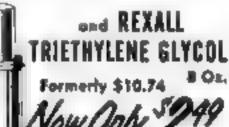
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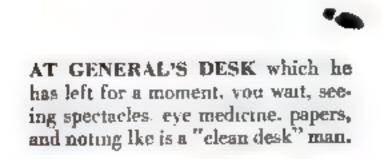


YOUR FIRST SIGHT on entering headquarters is a battery of news photographers. They regard you suspiciously, wondering whether you are worth a picture.

Life Visits the President-Elect



A LAST GUARD stands posted at the doorway to the suite which has a sitting room, office and last week still had a Christmas tree (background).

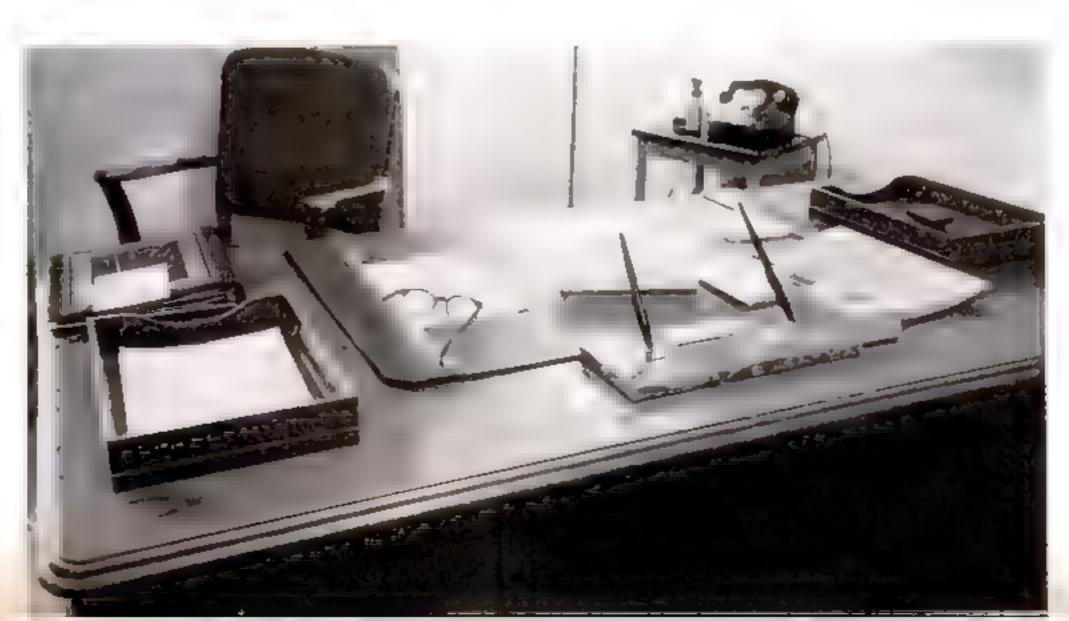




"YOU MAY GO IN" says Vandenberg's secretary, frances Fitzgerald, poking her head around the doorway that leads in to Vandenberg's office.



ARTHUR VANDENBERG JR., secretary to the president-elect, chats with you for a minute while his secretary checks to see if Ike is ready.

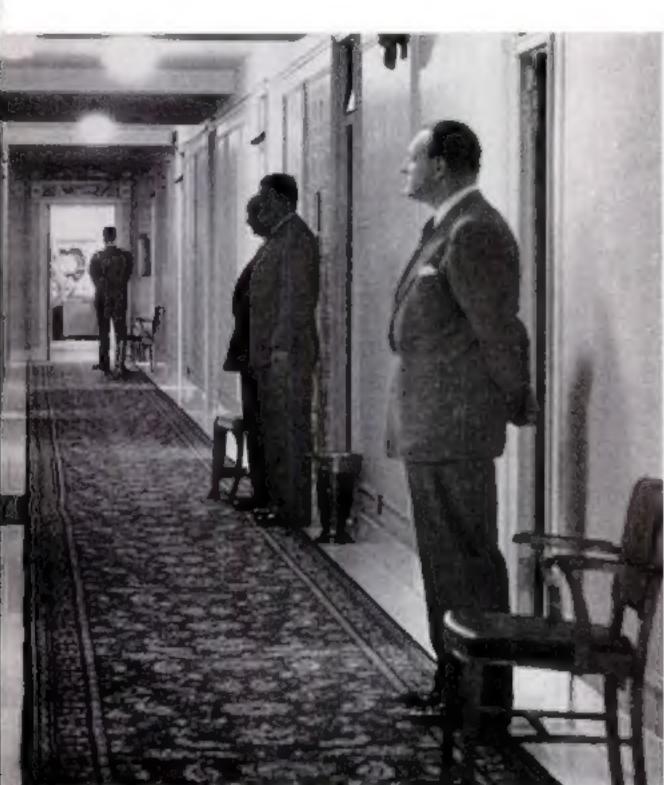


In this case the camera makes the call; here is what it sees in his headquarters

If you are on the lookout right now for prime political information or a top government job, you will bend your footsteps not to Washington but to New York's Hotel Commodore where the president-elect has his head-quarters. In 58 rooms which make up a sort of temporary White House, he has 93 assistants and clerks. There you would go to see men of cabinet rank, like John Foster Dulles and Herbert Brownell, or administrative assistants, like Arthur Vandenberg and Sherman Adams. There you would also go to see the general himself. If so, you must have something more urgent in mind than a chat and make your date three weeks ahead. Then, on your way in, you follow the footsteps shown on these pages.



confirmation of your appointment with Ike is made by a receptionist (left), who asks you to sign in (below).



SECRET SERVICE MEN, three of them, back up a city detective (foreground) as you near Eisenhower's own suite at end of corridor.





ON WAY OUT photographers, now knowing who you are, shoot stills and, in special room, movies,



WATCHING COP keeps eye on visitors, prevents them from taking the wrong corridor. City assigns police and detectives to headquarters.



NEXT IN LINE, vainly trying to follow you, is an author of religious books with no appointment.



COLD BATH FOR A BOFFIN

Malcolm Compston, the "boffin" (civilian scientist working with the British Navy) sprawled at his case above, is much busier than he seems to be. Somewhere in the Arctic Ocean he has just jumped from the British aircraft carrier H.M.S. Eagle into a sea so cold that it could kill a man in about 20 minutes. By this seemingly foolhardy act he is testing the Admiralty's

new plastic survival suit which, worn over his regular clothing, keeps him up and keeps the freezing water out. Also, because he is risking his own life to test the equipment he and his associates have developed, he is demonstrating why the term "boffin," which first began as a sailor's expression of joking contempt, has become instead one of affectionate admiration.



than an eagle eye
to bring down
this eagle

"A crack shot can crack his selfrespect trying to shoot a crossbow. I'm
used to guns weighing 8 or 10 pounds—1
found a 35-pound crossbow hard enough

t takes more

used to guns weighing 8 or 10 pounds—1 found a 35-pound crossbow hard enough to raise much less aim," writes

Lucien Agniel, an American friend of Canadian Club, "At a Bavarian Schützenfest in Manich, I tried my marksmanship with one of these unwieldy medieval weapons.

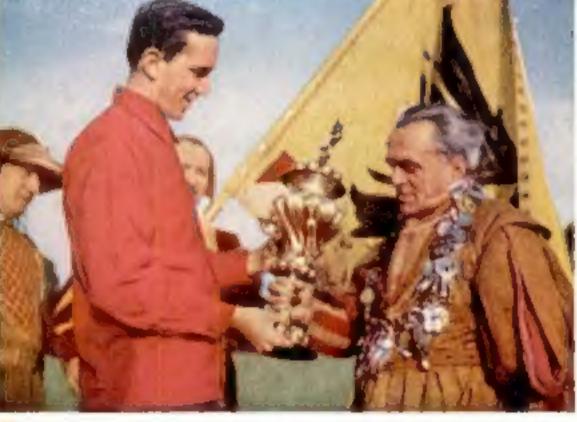
The target was a wooden eagle, perched 75 feet up in the air . . .



2 "Cocking the crossbow didn't help my shooting arm any, It took all the strength I had to stretch the steel cable bowstring with a Spannbock. I pulled the trigger, but my dart-like arrow, only 7 inches long, didn't even get a piece of the target.

5 "Bavarians have the same standard of hospitality as most people. Almost everywhere, I find that Canadian Club is the established custom on friendly occasions."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon.



"Winner of the Schützenfest was my host, Karl Böss, and the honor of presenting him with the 75-year-old trophy cup fell to me, Karl's arrow had lopped off a heavier chunk of the eagle than any other contestant's. The chain of medals round his neck proved that winning was nothing new to Karl.

Yet it has a distinctive flavor and a character that is all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner and tall ones afterward. There is one and only one Canadian Club, and no other whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.

4 "Karl's crossbow triumph, I thought, would be celebrated with some Bavarian drink. But no. What greeted me later was more familiar prothing less than Canadian Club!



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6 YEARS OLD

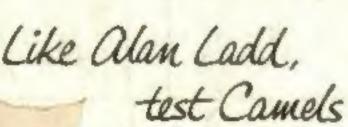
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